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Sept 1779

MISCELLANIES,

IN VERSE AND PROSE,

ENGLISH AND LATIN,

BY THE LATE

ANTHONY CHAMPION,

Of the Middle Temple, Esquire.

PUBLISHED

FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS

BY

WILLIAM HENRY LORD LYTTELTON.

London:

PRINTED BY T. BENSLEY, BOLT-COURT,

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1801.

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ANTHONY CHAMPION, Esq. Author of these Miscellanies, was the son of Peter Champion, a gentleman of an ancient and respectable family, seated at St. Columb in Cornwall, who acquired a considerable fortune as a merchant at Leghorn: he was born February the 5th, 1724-5, at Croydon in Surrey, and received his first instruction in the Greek and Latin languages at Cheam School in that county; from whence in 1739 he was removed to Eton, and in February 1742 became a member of the University of Oxford; having been placed at St. Mary Hall, under the care of the Rev. Walter Harte, a celebrated tutor, selected at a later period by the Earl of Chesterfield to finish his son Mr. Stanhope's education in classical literature. After having passed two years at Oxford, he was entered as a student of law at the Middle Temple, where he continued to reside to the day of his decease;

M280204

and was a Bencher of that Society, to which he bequeathed One Thousand Pounds. He served in two Parliaments; having been elected in 1754 for the Borough of St. Germans, and in 1761 for Liskard, in Cornwall: but the same great modesty and reserve restrained him from displaying the powers of his very discerning and enlightened mind in that illustrious assembly, which prevented him also from communicating to the world those effusions of his rich and luxuriant vein of Poetry, that are now submitted to the judgment of the Public.

He died the 22d of February in the present year, beloved and lamented by all who were acquainted with the brightness of his genius, his taste for the finer arts, his various and extensive learning, and the still more valuable qualities of his warm and benevolent heart.

HAGLEY PARK, 1801.

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POEMS.

TO

W. H. LYTTELTON, ESQ.

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR IN THE NINETEENTH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

SINCE now each slow-revolving day and night,
And lonely walks to poetry invite,
And sweet reflection, offspring sure of ease,
Recalls each joy that once had charms to please,
No more the small, the duteous task refuse,
Oh! ever grateful, though unskilful muse!
Thy humble voice to parent *Eton* raise,
She first inspir'd thy notes; now claims thy lays:
She bade, my friend, congenial souls agree,
And gave each blessing when she gave me thee.
To thee sincere this artless verse I send;
Oh! now, if ever, call forth all the friend!
Though undeserv'd, indulge one honest smile,
And for the *subject's* sake approve my toil.

Hail! learned trees! Hail! much-frequented
grove!
The verdant witness of our growing love.
There have we oft in bless'd communion stray'd,
Or sweetly pensive sate, or sportive play'd;
There on the mossy bank with soft surprise
Sleep airy light has clos'd our weary eyes,
Lull'd by the liquid lapse of oozy Thames,
Or breeze responsive to his murm'ring streams.
Oh! could I but to worthy verse impart
The strong idea glowing in my heart,
No brighter spot should stately Oxford see,
And Academus' grove should yield to thee.
Bless'd were those days, when Censure's envious rage
Spar'd the gay follies of a tender age;
Though oft too weak hot passions to restrain,
Our feeble reason dropp'd the slacken'd rein.
For each unguarded act we pleaded school,
Trifled with grace, and licens'd play'd the fool.
Thus pleas'd and pleasing, unrestrain'd and gay,
We spent the morning of our short-liv'd day;

No ruffling storms disturb'd the still serene,
No gust of passion nor the clouds of spleen.
Each happy moment, wing'd with joy refin'd,
Infus'd fresh raptures on the op'ning mind,
Youth's soft emotions, and heartfelt delight,
Such as the muse and infant love excite;
With such fair Learning ev'ry bosom warms,
While sweet reluctance brightens all her charms;
Not won unsought for, but with kind delay
Profuse each latent beauty to display.
Ten thousand various shapes she wore with ease,
Form'd in each various shape t'instruct and please;
Now a blithe muse, she led the past'ral train,
Now arms and heroes sung in lofty strain.
Majestic now she wag'd the wordy war,
And brought her fav'rite Tully to the bar,
Pour'd the big tide of eloquence along,
Without o'erflowing full, and without fury strong.
The list'ning throng transported seems to hear,
And sounds harmonious charm each ravish'd ear.
How ardent words our emulation raise,
And ev'ry bosom glows with thirst of praise!

While the bright goddess points the road to fame,
And her celestial voice inspires the gen'rous flame;
'Go, sons, where Virtue, where Ambition calls;'
Then shews great Edward's star that beams on
Windsor's walls.
What though where Vandal's [a] lucid streams arise,
The genial sun first charm'd my infant eyes,
To thee, my more than native place, I owe
Whate'er, though little, yet whate'er I know:
To thee what aid the muse propitious lends,
To thee the dearest and the best of friends;
For him thou may'st with pride thy offspring claim,
His youthful heart exults at Eton's name.
Dear to the muse he too shall join his lays,
And tune his grateful voice to George's [b] praise;
Who without grief was ne'er inur'd to grieve,
Or caus'd a tear to flow, or sigh to heave.
Humanely learn'd, indulgently severe,
He claim'd a filial awe, not servile fear.
His mild dominion grateful numbers own,
And pious Henry looks with transport down,

[a] Croydon. [b] Head master of Eton school.

And views the nursling of his royal hand
Enrich with knowledge and adorn the land.
Oh! flourish long! these arts be ever thine,
Fair Eton, fav'rite of the tuneful nine;
To deep implant rich Wisdom's fertile root,
Disclose the bud, mature the rising fruit:
To plume the pinions of the tender soul,
And wing the mind to reach its distant goal;
Teach youth that virtue is man's worthiest aim:
Learning to solid virtue is the same
As the thin setting to the lucid gem.
This virtue's handmaid gives her graceful air,
And makes the fairest goddess still more fair:
Virtue, which can in meanest garb delight,
Attir'd by learning, shines divinely bright.
Oh! let us not, by worldly views betray'd,
Neglect the mistress while we court the maid!
When human wisdom sole employs the breast,
'Tis but a learned ignorance at best:
Like Sodom's apples, beauteous to be seen,
All shew without, all emptiness within:
A current coin at most for fourscore years,
Which then, like fairy-money, disappears.

Where is the profit, friend, O where the praise
Of twice ten thousand studious nights and days,
Unless Heaven's road through Learning's paths
we keep,
And Virtue's temple crown Parnassus' steep?
Learning transmits us fair to latest time,
To heaven bright Virtue points the view sublime,
Our heart enlarges, opes our mental eye,
And makes us dare to live before we die.
What is this span of fourscore fleeting years?
A darksome vale of misery and tears:
Black death, beset with airy fears and dread,
Bounds the short prospect with impending shade.
Few the thick gloom can pierce with eagle eyes,
And ken the glories of th distant skies.
The rest a grov'ling, dull, fantastic crew,
E'en earth itself through darken'd optics view.
Deceitful mediums lessen and remove
Whate'er divine should most engage our love.
Mere human objects charm mistaken eyes
With borrow'd brightness and fictitious size;
But when this glare, which blinds our mortal sight,
Shall yield to beams of pure celestial light,

How diff'rent will each object then be seen!
How shameful triumphs! victory how mean!
When pride abash'd shall hide its hated head,
And low ambition grieve the wastes it made,
And ev'ry science, ev'ry art, shall fade.
Then shall great Newton that reward receive
Which *Virtue* only to her friends can give;
Not that o'er worlds he sent his piercing eye,
Or trac'd the flaming comet through the sky;
He saw, he heard, the world's stupendous frame
A God! a God! with silent voice proclaim;
And, as his virtue with his learning grew,
His Maker best ador'd when most he knew.
His learning dead beneath the fun'ral stone,
Fair Virtue now receives her joyful son;
To her he owes the bright ethereal crown:
Who sole in worth and beauty still the same,
Survives the fatal universal flame.
Such now, as erst, ere Nature's early birth,
Ere the dread Father spake creation forth;
While yet no seraph holy raptures fir'd,
Nor warm devotion earth-born breasts inspir'd;

Divine assessor of th' Almighty's throne
The beauteous queen in radiant colours shone.
Hail, pow'rful Virtue! goddess heav'nly bright,
Pure emanation of th' eternal light:
Thee, when Jehovah to the centre hurl'd
The deep foundations of the rising world,
To winds and storms declar'd his firm decree,
And fix'd the barriers of th' obedient sea,
He sent in mercy from the bless'd abodes
T' exalt his new-made creatures into gods;
To chase by glorious hopes each human grief,
And give the much-afflicted soul relief.
Hence, though with thousand various ills opprest,
The rapt'rous transport in the good man's breast;
Hence, when with all his dreadful pomp beset,
The king of terrors claims the fatal debt,
No word of anxious doubt or mean despair,
No unbecoming deed that argues fear;
But at the close of the well-labour'd scene
Reason triumphant, and the soul serene.
Place me where rattling hail and stormy rains,
And parching cold, infest the northern plains,

Where ne'er with plenty teem'd all-bounteous
earth,
Nor genial suns gave smiling verdure birth;
Let poverty and ign'rance be my lot,
Of all forgetful, and by all forgot;
If thou, fair Virtue, deign my heart to warm,
With thee the barren rocks and dreary desarts
charm:
In those lone climes if thou inspire my lays,
The barren rocks should learn my Maker's praise;
With that great theme I'd soothe th' inclement air,
And pour out all my soul in ardent prayer.
And oh! whatever be my future doom,
From op'ning manhood to the silent tomb,
Whether at court on kings and slaves to gaze,
Or tread fatigu'd the law's perplexing maze;
Whether the tranquil calm or stormy rage
Await the ev'ning of declining age,
From thee, fair Virtue, never let me stray;
Oh! fix my footsteps on life's slipp'ry way!
Direct each aim in truth's high open road
To serve my prince, my country, and my God.

Contented let me live, contented die,
When the last gasp dissolves each human tie,
Life's wanton pride and fancied bliss is o'er,
And Lyttelton and Eton please no more.

ANT. CHAMPION.

Croydon, August 22, 1743.

WITH A HANDKERCHIEF

PRESENTED TO

A YOUNG LADY.

Go, happy silk, and humbly sue to shade
The tender bosom of the beauteous maid;
Her charms from lawless vulgar eyes remove,
Yet not exclude the sacred glance of love.
Around her rosy neck ambitious cleave,
And borrow graces which thou canst not give.
E'en Psyche's breast shall wanton Cupid fly,
And in thy fav'rite folds enamour'd lie.
Oh! may'st thou ne'er with lab'ring sorrow heave,
Nor from her eyes the falling tear receive;
But still beneath thy shade may inward peace
Dwell, and compose her gentle soul to ease!
There may each gay, each soft emotion reign,
Nought painful enter, save love's *pleasing pain.*

1744. A. C.

Scripsit amans, amens: hæc sanus carmina damnat,
Turpiter et dominæ succubuisse pudet.
Sed tamen est aliquid, miseras fregisse catenas,
Tollere et excusso libera colla jugo.

In GREENWICH PARK. 1748.

Hail! genius of this hallow'd grove,
The destin'd scene of infant love;
Won by the charm thy airs diffuse,
Lo! once again the youthful muse,
Whose long neglected voice had ceas'd
To whisper through my rebel breast,
Still deigns to meet me in thy shade,
Where erst that sweet ingenuous maid
Then first beheld and lov'd, the fair Louisa stray'd.

In yon embow'ring grove's recess
(That hour I oft recall and bless),
Half shaded by the envious wood
The sweetly pensive charmer stood;
E'en now I see her form arise,
'Twas then a stranger to my eyes;

But ah! no stranger to my breast!
My conscious heart her right confess'd,
And my glad soul receiv'd the love-directed
guest.

For trust the muse, th' Idalian queen
Deep in Elysium's sacred scene,
Ere yet the genius of our birth
Call'd us to tread this upper earth,
Pair'd ev'ry soft congenial mind,
And all their future loves assign'd:
Hence each untaught its fellow knows,
At once th' instinctive passion glows,
And thro' th' admiring breast the sweet attraction
flows.

But chief, unless I fondly dream,
Enchanted with the pleasing theme,
Our equal hearts she seal'd her own,
And bound them with her golden zone;
Then wrote it in the book of love,
That they should meet and join above;

Inform'd alike with soft desire,
And temper'd with the purest fire,
Which sympathy and hope ineffable inspire.

Alas! great queen, my charming maid,
Though nurs'd beneath thy myrtle's shade
Not yet thy soft'ning influence feels,
Nor yet thy inborn fire reveals;
But deaf to all my tender vows,
Cold friendship's claim alone allows.
O Love! I make thee no request
To violate her gentle breast,
For always what she wills is wisest, kindest, best.

Such lenient skill my cares beguiles,
That e'en despair relents and smiles;
No other nymph love's golden prize
So sweetly yields as she denies.
O Love, prolong my blissful pain!
Oh! stricter bind thy magic chain;
Our hearts in mutual passion join:
If that surpass thy pow'r divine,
Add all her share at least of tenderness to mine.

Ah! lov'd in youth and beauty's bloom,
My soul shall haunt thy future tomb;
And if the clay-cold hand of time
E'er damp my flame and blast thy prime,
Beholding then thy alter'd brow,
The tear of fond esteem shall flow,
While memory each charm supplies,
Lights all the lustre in thine eyes,
Bids thy divinest smile and purest blush arise.

Thy sweetness, elegance, and grace,
Shall still survive thy faded face;
And e'en when age itself is past,
Love's dying embers glow at last;
Nor shall the torch of Paphian fire
But with the lamp of life expire:
That mournful theme, my muse, forbear,
Our last farewell and mutual prayer;
Here droop thy faultering wing and shed the silent tear.

FROM VOLTAIRE.

THAT mind adorn'd with ev'ry pleasing art,
Might beauty's all-seducing aid despise;
Yet e'en an idiot could enslave my heart,
Had the fair idiot those enchanting eyes.

Ah! still imperfect: if thou canst not love,
These heav'nly graces are bestow'd in vain;
One tender sentiment is far above
Beauty and wit, with all their sprightly train.

1748.

THE WISH.

Oh! could my verse but skilful as sincere
Express the love which taught me all my art,
This feeble verse which sooths her partial ear
Ere now perhaps had touch'd Louisa's heart.

From passion once poetic rapture came,
Ne'er did the nine their sacred aid refuse;
Each am'rous lip was tipt with hallow'd flame,
The warmest lover had the sweetest muse.

But now no breast th' inspiring influence feels,
Ungraceful silence dwells on ev'ry tongue;
No melting lay the finer pain reveals,
And each sublimer transport dies unsung.

Venus, alas! has broke the silver lyre,
Which erst her elegant Tibullus strung,
And love-lorn Hammond [c] tun'd to soft desire,
Then dying, on a faded myrtle hung.

[c] See his Love Elegies.

'Twas then the goddess wept an angry tear,
Then first the queen of smiles indignant frown'd,
Ey'd the harsh nymph...the lover's mournful bier...
And dash'd his tuneful silver to the ground.

What! could his softest accents breathe in vain,
Ungentle maid! and hapless youth! she cries:
Oh! cease, for ever cease, that heav'nly strain,
Since Delia hears not, and my poet dies!

These venal days each talent have profan'd,
The mind with ev'ry nobler sense is sold,
And love and love-taught harmony disdain'd
For the mean thirst of vanities and gold.

Yet, Venus, yet, the charming maid I sing,
Thou know'st, no sordid pride or int'rest sways:
Oh! may the muse refit that injur'd string!
So shall Louisa rival Delia's praise.

My tongue then, faithful to the teeming breast,
Shall all my love and all her worth display;

Each strong emotion glow with warmth express'd,
Nor languid strains the nicer sense betray.

Oh! who can tell, as years of fondness roll,
As the verse warms with all that love inspires,
In some bless'd hour her sympathizing soul
May catch the spark, and kindle with my fires!

Then, goddess, if thy myrtle wreathe my brows,
Around the lyre that grateful wreath shall twine;
And thus, with tender sighs and ardent vows,
In triumph offer'd grace thy honour'd shrine.

1748-9.

BY THE AUTHOR,

IN THE PERSON OF A LADY

OF WHOM HE WAS ENAMOURED.

Too well those lines the fatal truth declare,
Which long I've known, yet now I blush to hear!
But say, what hope? thy fond ill-fated love,
What can it hope, tho' mutual it should prove?
This little form is fair in vain for you,
In vain for me thy honest heart is true;
For wouldst thou fix dishonour on my name,
And give me up to penitence and shame?
Or shield my honour with the name of wife,
And make me a poor virtuous wretch for life?
Couldst thou submit to wear the nuptial chain,
Too sure a cure for all thy present pain,
No saffron robe for us the godhead wears,
His torch inverted, and his face in tears.

Though ev'ry softer wish were amply crown'd,
Love soon would cease to smile where Fortune
frown'd;
Then would thy soul my fond consent deplore,
And blame what it solicited before;
Thy own exhausted, would reproach my truth,
And say I had undone thy blinded youth;
That I had damp'd ambition's noble flame,
Eclips'd thy talents, and obscur'd thy name;
To madrigals and odes thy wit confin'd,
That might in senates or in courts have shin'd,
Gloriously active in thy country's cause,
Asserted freedom, or enacted laws.
Or say thou hadst been negatively kind,
Inwardly mourn'd, and silently repin'd,
The jealous demons in my own fond breast
Would all these thoughts incessantly suggest,
And tell what sense must feel, that pity had sup-
press'd:
Yet added grief my apprehension fills,
If there can be addition to those ills,
When they shall say, whose harsh reproof I dread,
'Tis thy own fault, thy folly on thy head:'

Age knows not to allow for thoughtless youth,
Nor pity tenderness, nor honour truth;
Holds it romantic to confess a heart,
And says those virgins act a wiser part
Who hospitals and bedlams would explore,
Could rich men there be found; and only shun
the poor;
Who legal prostitutes, the batter'd rake
Or wealthier booby to their bosoms take,
And, if avenging Heaven permits increase,
People the world with folly and disease:
The title deeds and rent-roll only wed,
And the best bidder mounts the venal bed;
While their grave aunts and formal sires approve
This nuptial sale, and auction for their love:
And if regard to sense or worth be shown,
That poor degen'rate child her friends disown,
Who dares to deviate, by a virtuous choice,
From her great name's hereditary voice.
These scenes my prudence ushers to my mind,
Of all the storms and quicksands I shall find,
If I embark upon this summer sea,
Where flatt'ry smooths, and pleasure gilds the way.

Had our ill fate ne'er blown this dang'rous flame
Beyond the limits of a friend's cold name,
I might upon that score thy love receive,
And with that guiltless name my own deceive.
That commerce now in vain you recommend,
I dread the silent lover in the friend.
Of ignorance I want the poor excuse,
And know I both must take, or both refuse.
Hear then the firm, the safe resolve I make,
Ne'er to encourage what I must forsake.
Whilst other maids a shameless path pursue,
Neither to honour nor to virtue true,
And proud to swell the triumphs of their eyes,
Exult in love from lovers they despise,
Their maxims all revers'd I mean to prove,
And though I like the lover, quit the love,

SONETTO DI FELICE ZAPPI.

Quand io men vo verso l'Ascrea montagna,
Mi si accoppia la Gloria al destro fianco;
Ella da spirti al cor, forza al pié stanco,
E dice, 'Andiam...ch' io ti saró compagna.'
Ma per la lunga inospita campagna
Mi si aggiunge l'Invidia al lato manco,
E dice, Anch' io son teco...al labbro bianco
Veggo il velen, che nel suo cor si stagna.
Che far degg' io?...Se indietro io volgo i passi,
So che Invidia mi lassa, e m' abbàndona;
Ma poi fia che la Gloria ancor mi lassi:
Con ambe andar risolvo alla suprema
Cima del monte...una mi dia corona,
E l'altra il vegga, e si contorca, e frema.

TRANSLATION OF A SONNET

FROM FELICE ZAPPI.

SLOW while I climb Parnassus' lofty seat
Bright Glory joins me on my dexter side;
She cheers my spirits, nerves my fault'ring feet,
And cries, 'Come on...thy comrade I, and guide.'
We mount; but ere we gain th' aerial scene,
Close on my left pale Envy soon I find:
She too my march attends; her livid mien
And venom'd lip betray her canker'd mind.
How then resolve?...If back my course I bend,
This fiend, I know, departs...but not the fiend
Alone, the goddess too will take her flight.
Rather with both yon cliff sublime I dare
Ascend, though hard...let Glory crown me there,
And Envy writhe in torture at the sight.

TRANSLATION FROM FRACASTORIUS.

Ipse ego Cœnomanûm memini, &c. SIPHYLIS.

His crystal stream where Sebine Ollia leads
In slow meanders through the fertile meads,
A youth once flourish'd of distinguish'd fame,
And all Ausonia heard and bless'd his name.
Noble and rich, in youth and beauty's prime,
He scorn'd in sloth to waste life's active time:
'Twas his delight his flowing blood to warm,
And hardy limbs with manly sports to form.
In the gay helm and glitt'ring arms to shine,
Or with the bit the foaming steed confine;
With active force his savage foe subdue,
Or the fleet stag with rival speed pursue.
For him the nymphs of Po's and Ollia's flood,
The nymphs that range the plains or haunt the wood,
Languish;...on him each tender wish employ,
And sigh in secret for the beauteous boy.

Perhaps not vainly some neglected maid
Implor'd Heaven's vengeance on his faithless head.
For lo! not fearing so severe a fate,
In confidence of strength and youth elate,
Pale sickness struck him with afflictive pain,
Seiz'd ev'ry limb, and tainted ev'ry vein.
A dire disease! such as by Heaven's decree
The past ne'er saw, nor future age shall see.
The poison soon his vital frame pervades,
The blooming spring of youth and vigour fades:
The spreading bane his putrid limbs distains,
And o'er his soul black melancholy reigns.
See on his face dire gangrene ulcers rise,
And slow consume those once love-darting eyes:
His nostrils with corroding wounds decay,
And the whole man in anguish rots away.
For him the nymphs of Po's and Ollia's flood,
The nymphs that range the plains or haunt the wood,
For him the neighb'ring Alps and rivers moan,
And Sebine's lake profound upheav'd a hollow groan.

A SONG.

I.

CEASE thy fond hopes, poor wretch! to love,
Content and grieve alone;
Alas! thy Julia's woe would prove
More torment than thine own.

II.

No more let passion's flatt'ring dream
Sooth thy deluded breast,
Since e'en thy love, no selfish flame,
Consents not to be blest.

III.

Couldst thou with joy distress'd, tho' kind,
Behold thy darling maid?
Or see, o'er fond affection's smile,
The tear of anguish shed?

IV.

Ah! seek not, by her slightest pain,
Thy sharpest to remove;
Nor ask thou to be lov'd again...
Ask only leave to love.

V.

Her bliss since never thou must share,
May she ne'er taste thy woe;
But blessings great as thy despair
May Heaven on her bestow.

ADDRESS TO HEALTH.

COME, rosy Health, blithe daughter of the skies,
And o'er this virgin wave thy healing wing;
Thy pow'r can animate no brighter eyes,
No purer roses bloom in all thy spring.

Oh! chase Disease, that baleful fiend, away,
Whose envy loves to blast thy choicest store;
The foul and scornful be her ruthless prey;
Thou on the fair and kind thy blessings pour.

Come, in thy hand the smiles and pleasures lead,
And young-ey'd mirth, thy progeny divine;
Let these sweet graces deck my lovely maid,
Not Hebe shall with equal lustre shine.

Do thou the gay, the social sense inspire,
Each sprightly decency, each pleasing art,

Good-humour'd wit, and innocent desire,
To charm the fancy and to melt the heart.

Thus o'er his sleeping fair th' embolden'd swain
Pour'd forth his soul in prayer and praise sincere;
Waking, her modest ear this artless strain
Would think too flatt'ring, and refuse to hear.

O Silence! oft will I invoke thy pow'r,
Propitious still to the mute vows of love,
To brood in darkness o'er th' unruffled hour
Smooth as the pinions of the slumbering dove.

Sweet maid, upon thy lover's faithful breast,
Secure awhile, thy languid head repose;
E'en pain and sickness there may sink to rest,
Nor shall those drooping eyes refuse to close.

Thy raptur'd lover, gazing on his fair
With looks of cordial love and dear delight,
Shall watch thee with thy guardian angel's care,
Nor sleepless grudge to waste the live-long night.

And sure my vital breath should sooner cease
Than, rudely drawn, disturb her gentle sleep;
Each sigh of love shall love itself suppress,
And bid my heart its calmest measures keep.

Sleep on, sweet maid, and may thy dreams be kind,
o recompense thy lover's anxious care;
No image sure but his can fill thy mind,
Since lawless fancy has no empire there.

TO A LADY,

BY HER FRIENDS CALLED FAIRY.

Now vernal zephyrs whisper through the trees, &c.

O COME, my Fairy! 'tis thy shepherd calls,
Thy Strephon bids thee leave these fated walls,
Won by thy bright, yet sweet alluring eye,
For thee from falsehood, crowds, and dust I fly,
Pattern of ancient truth and constancy.
O quit this dang'rous park, this air impure,
Not e'en for innocence like ours secure!
Fond of new conquests where each fair one roves,
And one short month sees twelve succeeding loves.
Such crimes may draw a gen'ral vengeance down...
No wonder earthquakes [d] shake this guilty town.
Haste then, my fair, my Fairy, haste and see
What rural pleasures are in store for thee.
Not all Arcadia boasts so soft a scene,
No rill so purling, and no mead so green:

[d] Two earthquakes were felt in London in the year 1754.

A flock so lovely, of so white a breed,
Ne'er did Amintas or Pastora feed.
To please thee too my boxen flute I bring,
Alternate will I play, alternate sing.
O come, my Fairy! and thy Strephon join,
The mead, the sheep, the shepherd, all are thine.
What joy beneath the spreading beachen shade,
On the soft herbage, Nature's carpet, laid!
To lead our flocks, and spend the pleasing day
In innocent delights and rural play.
Let other swains, to looser mirth resign'd,
Waste the fond hours in dalliance unrefin'd;
Thy swain a purer bliss aspires to prove,
The harmless badinage of inoffensive love.
To fill thy arms, a lovely smiling lamb
I wean already from its bleating dam:
Compar'd with this thou soon wilt cease to prize
E'en Juba's iv'ry snags and radiant eyes:
This shall my Fairy in her bosom place,
And press with kisses sweet its woolly face;
Warm from the wool I'll steal each balmy kiss;
Condemn me, Fairy, if I do amiss.

Come then, my fair, my Fairy, come away,
Nor mind whate'er thy sister's spite can say;
Her envy would delay thy ardent haste,
And spoil that happiness she scorn'd to taste;
For let thy shepherd own with truth sincere
His humble cottage first was built for her.
Maria once I hop'd would deign to bless
A simple swain, and grace this sweet recess;
Hers was design'd that neat Italian chair,
And China sent this bowl to serve the fair;
Hers were those foreign fruits, a golden store
From genial Seville's orange-scented shore.
In fancy oft reclining at her feet,
I quaff'd the cool, the pastoral sherbet:
But soon I found these flatt'ring hopes were vain,
Far diff'rent scenes th' inconstant nymph detain,
Far from the rural shade and flow'ry plain.

ADDRESS TO THE MUSES.

Sisters of the sacred nine,
Who bid the painter's genius glow,
And oft ennobling Nature's form divine,
Dip your bright pencils in the heav'nly bow,
Say, shall Campania's blasted plain,
By tyrant superstition sway'd,
Still your enchanted steps detain
Wand'ring in the wither'd shade?
Still must ye bend beneath the papal yoke,
Doom'd to the task which tasteless priests ordain,
To deck some saint's blasphemous shrine,
Or altar's pagan pride with pageants vain,
And impious beauties, destin'd soon to fade?
While the dim taper's livid smoke
And ever-curling clouds of incense choke
The mimic splendors of the blest abode,
Sully th'immaculate maid and the transfigur'd god.

SONNET.

When jealous fancy fram'd unreal woes,
Oft would my fair each fond complaint reprove,
And sweetly bid me spare her heart's repose,
Where friendship felt a sympathy like love.

Oh! if Louisa grieves when I complain,
How dares she thoughtless cause one anxious care?
How venture e'er to give a needless pain
Which her own soft humanity must share?

One gentle line might ev'ry fear disarm;
Her hand, alas! the wonted pledge denies:
One tender glance credulity might charm,
Yet love in vain explores those beauteous eyes.

Ah! rashly blame not thy too charming friend,
Whom gratitude and reason bid thee trust;
Whate'er hard fate thy luckless love attend,
She ne'er can prove ungen'rous or unjust.

To * * * * * * *

FEMALE, who durst profane this hallow'd hour,
And unpropitious blast my promis'd joy,
What bitter prayers shall weary Cupid's pow'r,
Thee and thy odious visits to destroy?

Shall sickness chain thee to thy hated home,
Nor cards nor scandal thy sad nights compose,
Or midst some public scene thy freshest bloom
Fade on thy cheek, and glow upon thy nose?

When Love provok'd inflicts his keenest pain,
Inventive vengeance aids his ruthless ire,
Not deeper groanings rend the skies in vain
When Turkish slaves in sharpest pangs expire.

Of a whole age one dove-wing'd hour was mine,
That hour thy fell rapacious talons seize:
May expectations disappointments join,
And, mixt by furies, poison all thy peace.

May flatt'ring hope, in orient light array'd,
Just dawn upon thee roseate and serene,
Then all at once the gay delusion fade,
And black despair deform the varied scene.

Thus Indignation breathes her vow severe;
The winds respect it, and my justice own...
The injur'd lover's and the poor man's prayer
Ascend entire to Jove's eternal throne.

Rash man! perhaps I curse Louisa's friend;
Such harsh revenge will hurt her gentle heart.
Oh! if these lines my lovely maid offend,
Kind Heaven, to blessings ev'ry curse convert.

TO LOUISA.

Long, my Louisa, has this heart been thine,
And many a transport felt and many a pain;
Yet never full with bliss has grown supine,
Nor struggled once to burst the galling chain.

For ever constant thine it shall endure,
And trust those arts which hapless lovers know
To sooth the real griefs they cannot cure,
And turn to rapture ev'ry fancied woe.

God of domestic sweets, humane and mild,
Attend thou genuine and immortal Love!
Unlike the queen of beauty's short-liv'd child,
Train'd to sly mischiefs in th' Idalian grove.

Oh! duteous offspring of esteem sincere,
Whose soul is virtue, confidence, and joy!
Not wild with hope, nor sunk with servile fear,
No rigours waste thee, and no raptures cloy.

Oh! may thy sacred torch eternal glow!
Each meaner fire, each vulgar object fade:
Ah! what reward can this poor world bestow
To pay the loss of one deserving maid!

Not friendship, fame, or fortune, here suffice
With all their wreaths in one bright garland join'd;
For these her beauty I might cease to prize,
Yet these I slight for that accomplish'd mind.

Should Hymen offer me some other fair,
Ah! how with transport could I view her charms!
Thou art not she that should have sooth'd my care,
Thou art not she that should have blest my arms.

No balm but hers my aching breast can heal;
On her my soul is fix'd, and her alone;
No blessing but Louisa's love can feel,
Nor any loss but hers will e'er bemoan.

Ah! should I lose thee, what would then remain
Through each long ling'ring night and tedious day

But all my youth to waste in fruitless pain,
Then slow with bitterest remorse decay!

Or cease perhaps one moment to repine
Whilst fancy's transient dream deceives my smart,
And think I see thee, fondly call thee mine,
And strain the yielding phantom to my heart.

Then wake afresh to anguish and despair,
To ev'ry pang rejected lovers know;
Thou art not mine...perhaps another's fair:
Spare, Heaven, oh! spare me that transcendent woe!

And gracious close my eyes in peaceful death,
Whose sleep alone these suff'rings can relieve;
Dying I bless'd thee with my latest breath:
Oh! let my grave th' obsequious tear receive!

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. FRANCIS COVENTRY, JAN. 1750.

As erst o'er Damon's mournful bier
The heaving sigh, the stealing tear,
My sleepless hours beguil'd;
Sweet Anna saw my tender grief,
And in kind pity brought relief:
She kiss'd me, and I smil'd.

My fancy next ambition charm'd;
Adieu each softer care...alarm'd
The fair enchantress came;
One kiss infus'd a gentler fire;
I felt the noble flame expire,
And curs'd the phantom fame.

Transfix'd with envy's poison'd dart,
When late my inly fest'ring heart
Consum'd in silent pain;

Like wounded Edward's generous bride,
Sweet Anne her balmy lips applied,
And drew forth all the bane.

Strange to relate! the tigress rage
Her magic kisses can assuage,
And in soft fetters bind:
Nor e'er did music's powerful strain,
Nor proud philosophy attain
Such empire o'er the mind.

Come then, and, to secure my bliss,
Sweet Anne, in one perpetual kiss
Breathe in the healing balm...
Cease, rather cease, too fond desire...
Ah! treacherous kisses, you inspire
More passions than you calm.

1750.

TO A FRIEND AT BUXTON,

ANNO 1751.

The Scene described is a place called the LOVER'S LEAP, at a little distance from the Wells.

A HERMIT now beneath the solemn shade
Of antique rocks with savage verdure hung,
Wrapt in sweet musing, haply art thou laid,
Or list'ning to clear Echo's mimic tongue.

Ah! heed, my friend, nor breathe th' enchanted air
Which fans yon hoarse cascade and moss-lin'd cell;
Love, the dire sorc'rer Love, keeps ambush there,
And wild delirious demons form the spell.

Smit with strange rapture, there th' impassion'd soul
Drinks deep oblivion of each nobler tie;
Big with soft tears th' enthusiast eye-balls roll,
And pausing heaves the fond romantic sigh.

There shouldst thou chance Louisa's magic name
On some rude crag uncouthly grav'd to find,
With pity view a guilty lover's shame,
Efface the charm, and ease my lab'ring mind.

That fatal name no hand but thine alone,
Not Time's slow mould'ring file can e'er erase;
Beneath thy virtuous touch the crumbling stone
Will yield, nor long retain the deep-worn trace.

While those charm'd characters impress'd remain,
Her banish'd image still too oft returns;
Vain is thy kind reproof, thy counsel vain,
Still when the friend should smile the lover mourns.

TO A FRIEND.

THE SCENE DOVEDALE. 1756.

BENEATH these high-piled cliffs and headlong shade
Where the goat hangs yon pathless shrubs among,
In visionary musing art thou laid,
Or listening to clear Echo's mimic tongue?

Lo! where sequester'd deep from vulgar sight
Dove's wizard waters wild and broken roll...
Hail! sacred scene of horror and delight,
Lone haunt of contemplation's vestal soul!

Along the stream, low-whisp'ring thro' the trees,
In the still airs some sound divine we hear,
Now rising slow, as undulates the breeze,
With awful swell on fancy's ravish'd ear.

There, threat'ning mute amazement's fixed eye,
Yon huge cathedral rock in ruin frowns,
Whose rifted brow, of Gothic structure high,
The blasted yew with shaggy foliage crowns;

And pure ambrosial fragrance breathes around
From flower and herb, which health, young Sylvan, loves;
Amidst whose virtues tufting all the ground,
With tripping step the frolic naiad roves,

By grots, whose crannied vault of massy proof
Th' eternal fret of Time's dumb file doth wear,
While in just cadence from the weeping roof
Drops at slow intervals a crystal tear;

Tears such as oft in solitudes like these,
All loose in careless desolation spread,
With folded arms, beneath the darkening trees,
Some pale and drooping magdalen hath shed.

Ye hermits old, whom erst the iron chain
Of penitence in these chill caverns bound;

Ye Druids, eldest bards, whose mystic strain
With hidden numbers charm'd this hallow'd ground;

Oh! if I dream not, rise, ye awful shades,
And prompt what duteous rite, what prayer, what
tear,
Propitiates best the genius that pervades
These rustic shrines, inspiring holy fear.

Or has Armida wav'd her magic wand,
And strong illusion charm'd our cheated eyes?
How if these wonders at her dread command,
Fantastic all, in fatal mockery rise!

Ah! heed, my friend, nor breathe th' enchanted air
Which fans yon hoarse cascade and moss-lin'd cell...
Love, the dire sorcerer, Love keeps ambush there,
And wild delirious demons frame the spell.

Smit with strange frenzy there th' impassion'd soul
Drinks deep oblivion of each nobler tie;
Big with soft tears th' enthusiast eye-balls roll,
And pausing heaves the fond romantic sigh.

There many a siren's sweet bewitching name
On the rude crag uncouthly graved is found,
And many a vow, which clad in lambent flame,
The follying loves full lightly waft around.

Should the fell sorceress put forth half her skill,
And shed the poison'd cup of tender woe,
What anguish pierces, as those drops distil,
Never may gentle minds, oh! never know.

Ah me! too sure the subtle bane I feel,
E'en now some latent spark rekindling glows...
Vain resolution! how thy temper'd steel
Dissolves, and reason's slacken'd sinew bows!

E'en now sad memory wakes and bleeds anew,
Stung with the sense of long-forgotten smart...
Dear banish'd image! which I wont to view,
And clasp the lov'd illusion to my heart!

Thee, thee, ah! whence returning, do I see!
Wilt thou, as erst, still deign to call me friend?

Be still, my throbbing heart...it is not she...
'Tis some vain phantom, or destructive fiend.

Hence, ere it quite subdue me, hence away,
While yet my lingering feet consent to move...
Tell me, my heart, what means this fond delay?
Dost thou forget that thou must cease to love?

A CHARACTER. 1767.

With beams of innocence her smiling eyes
Gleam'd, like Aurora's mild and dewy ray,
When spring first blushes under kindling skies,
Which shed moist fragrance on returning May.

But transient were those gleams of liquid light,
Still bashful hid beneath the virgin veil...
Yet by sweet snatches caught the eager sight,
As the coy lightning's glimpse in twilight pale.

Her feeling heart with simple truth was stor'd,
With truth her blameless lips...inspiring slow
The cold, but soft, and soon-relenting word,
Which melts in falling, like the vernal snow.

Though siren Flattery woo'd her to be vain,
Her manners, still unsullied as her cheek,

Vied with the nymphs of Fancy's pastoral train,
Not feign'd so fair, so guileless, or so meek.

Fair, e'en when languor paled her vivid bloom...
Ye vermeil tints, the palm to paleness yield...
Shaming the flow'rs that gaudiest hues assume,
Then reign'd the lily, queen of beauty's field.

But, when their virtues to the drooping maid
Health's chosen naiad bade her springs disclose,
And Hebe's self, unenvious of her aid,
Steep'd in the fount her own ambrosial rose,

Fresh dawn'd youth's purple light...the illumin'd air
Glow'd...while the loves their glancing pinions wav'd,
And lightly fann'd her loosely-flowing hair,
The loveliest locks that e'er bland Anna [e] lav'd.

Then shone the mind's pure vestal lamp serene,
Irradiating clear beauty's crystal shrine;

[e] St. Anne's Well at Buxton.

So bright through each translucent feature seen
That e'en the mortal covering seem'd divine.

That mind's pure influence every breast refin'd
To its own temper...chastening loose desire...
Not purer heaven's white ray by seraphs tined
Erst on rude altar's kindled hallow'd fire;

While from each prostrate heart and fervent tongue
On wings of rapture adoration rose,
Or mute on trembling lips devotion hung,
Nor dar'd to breathe its too ecstatic vows.

These lines, faint emblems of the feeling heart,
Shadow of charms, alas! too late admir'd,
Weak lineaments of love, devoid of art,
Nor fancy painted, nor the muse inspir'd;

But she, love's queen, whom foaming ocean bore,
All rude of numbers, to her votary gave,
As roam'd he lonely by the sounding shore,
Mid sea-mews clang...and mark'd the ebbing wave.

IMITATION FROM HORACE.

Quem tu Melpomene semel
Nascentem, &c.

He, on whose natal hour the loves ascend,
Wealth, pow'r, and fame, alike disdains to seek;
To him no Hardwicke from the bench shall bend,
Nor the rude commons hist to hear him speak.

His trusting country ne'er shall send him forth
To guide her battles, or confirm her peace;
No wreath of counsel sage, or martial worth,
Laurel, or olive, shall his temples grace.

But, crown'd with myrtles, he shall haunt the streams
That warble, waste, and murmur as they flow,
And shunning man, and day's detested beams,
Seek the thick shade with wand'ring steps and slow;

Or midst the town, the public gaze and theme,
Roaming with vacant ear and heedless eye,
Thro' crowded streets pursue the pleasing dream,
And pass his dearest friend unnoted by.

TO A LADY.

First of all lovers me the inferior train
Confess, and hail me prince of soft desire;
Pre-eminence obtain'd by glorious pain,
And envied yet by none, though all admire.

Oh! my soul's idol, wonder of thy kind!
The lute who temperest with each muse's art,
Or with a touch more skilful and refin'd
Canst make or mar the music of the heart;

Thine is the gift, that midst the passing throng
Some finger points me out, before unknown;
That yet I live to pay one grateful song
(If this be living) is thy gift alone.

ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ.

Ex Anthologiâ Græcâ. Edit. Florent. 1494.

Δακρυα σοι και νερθεν υπο χθονος, Ηλιοδωρε,
Δωρουμαι· στοργης λειψανον εις Αϊδην.
Δακρυα δυς δακρυτα πολυκλαυστῳ δ' επι τυμβῳ
Σπενδω· μναμα ποθων, μναμα φιλοφροσυνας·
Οικτρα γαρ, οικτρα φιλον σε και εν φθιμενοις Μελεαγρος
Αιαζω· κενεαν εις Αχεροντα χαριν·
Αι, Αι, που το ποθεινον εμοι θαλος; ἁρπασεν Αδας,
Αρπασεν· ακμαιον δ' ανθος εφυρε κονις.
Αλλα σε γουνουμαι, Γα παντροφε, τον πανοδυρτον
Ηρεμα σοις κολποις, ματερ, εναγκαλισαι.

IMITATION

OF THE FOREGOING GREEK VERSES.

THESE tears, my Anne, e'en in the grave receive,
Which gush in vain my sorrows to relieve.
Tears, bitter tears on thy cold urn I shed,
Love's fruitless tribute to the unmindful dead:
Thee still in death belov'd I fondly mourn,
Torn from my heart...thus soon, thus rudely torn.
Ah! where is now that matchless grace of form?
Defil'd with dust...fruition for the worm:
Youth's opening rose which breath'd immortal bloom,
Untimely pluck'd, lies wither'd in the tomb.
Hear, parent Earth, all-teeming mother, hear;
If yet thou heldst no lovelier offspring dear,
Afford these much-lamented relics rest,
And gently fold them in thy holy breast.

To * * * * * * *

To thee, sweet youth, once more my steps I bend;
Once more ere long I'll press thee to my heart;
Thou too with cordial cheer wilt greet thy friend,
And join the soothing wish, not soon to part.
Alas! will envious Fate consent, whose dart
Long lifted some relenting pow'rs suspend,
That mov'd by Nature's plea, from mortal smart
Her minion thus untimely doom'd defend?
Oh! if this blossom 'scape the blighting death
Of Eurus, till hesperian zephyr's breath
Delighted dally with its fragrant prime,
What vernal fruits for Hymen's rich repast
Shall Hebe cull, which mock old Autumn's taste,
Mature in her own season's genial time!

SONETTO DI ORAZIO PETROCHI

RIME DEGLI ARCADI.

Sulla incertezza della rovina di un edifizio.

Io chiesi al Tempo... 'Ed a chi surse il grande
Ampio edifizio, che qùi al suol traesti?'
Ei non risponde; e più veloci e presti
Fuggitivo per l'aere i vanni spande.
Dissi alla Fama... 'O tu che all' ammirande
Cose dai vita, e questi avanzi e questi.'
China ella gli occhi conturbati e mesti,
Qual chi doglioso alti sospir tramande.
Io giá volgea meravigliando il passo;
Ma su per l'alta mole altera in mostra
Visto girsen' l'Obblio di sasso in sasso...
'E tu, gridai, forse il sapresti? ah mostra.'
Ma in tuono ei m' interruppe orrido e basso;
'Io di chi fu non curo...adesso è nostra.'

STONEHENGE.

I QUESTION'D Time... 'Who rear'd this giant pile,
Which e'en thy iron tooth thus slow consumes?'
He answer'd not but with a scornful smile,
Then spread for flight his strong unwearied plumes.
I said to Fame... 'O thou whose voice records
All wond'rous works, let not this story die!'
With eyes declin'd, as destitute of words,
She droop'd, and heav'd th' unutterable sigh.
Pensive I turn'd to part; when lo! I spied
Oblivion's form with solitary stride,
Haughty and vast, stalking from stone to stone...
And 'Thou,' I cry'd, 'thou haply know'st... declare.'
Sudden the phantom shriek'd... 'I little care
What once it hath been... now 'tis mine alone.'

A FRAGMENT. 1771.

Quæque ipse miserrima vidi.

HARD and degrading is the lot
Of the poor vulgar female Scot...
From such, beheld on Irish plains,
Where still old barbarism reigns,
Swift's strong, but cruel, pencil drew
His picture of the vile Yahoo.
Let none the muse inhuman deem,
If painting misery's sad extreme,
As the soft tear steals down the while,
Some touch grotesque should force a smile.
Oh! may just pity once expand
Their stepdame country's niggard hand!
    See, foster'd here by Flora wild,
Each humbler vegetable child
Thrives on the mountains, moors, and fens,
Tufts the moist rocks, and scents the glens:

See savage sweet-briars gaily bloom,
And the heath glows with golden broom.
But beauty's flow'r, if lowly born,
Withers beneath oppression's thorn;
Her opening lily, budding rose,
Nor nurture here, nor shelter knows;
Rude, abject, droops the vassal race,
Their own, but more the land's disgrace.
Lean penury, the pinching clime,
And early drudgery, nip their prime;
Grave wrinkles on youth's haggard brow,
And ere its time force age to bow.
Sad influence sloth and ignorance shed
On their mean hovel, board, and bed;
The unwindow'd and unchimnied room
Reeks with the wet peat's stifling fume,
Pendent the crevic'd roof about
In a black fleece of ropy soot.
Vile self-neglect, child of despair,
Mid squalid gloom and stench is there,
And every pest which swells the train
Of nastiness there swarms amain;

While itch, and flea, and louse, and bug,
Provoke the scratch, or scrub, or shrug...
(Which most, the feeder or the fed,
Is vermin, yet no sage hath said...)
Their matted locks one clout contains,
Ne'er wash'd but by tempestuous rains...
Their bodies wrapt in sordid wool
From ragged sheep which rude hands pull
(Sheep that on rocks alone have rang'd),
Perennial garment, never chang'd:
Their bare legs, not like those, I ween,
Of graces, naked-footed seen,
Dancing by moonlight on the green;
While Cytherea, hand in hand,
Loose and unsandal'd, leads the band...
(Gay vision of young Flaccus, laid
Beneath Appulian Vulture's shade...)
But masculine in strength and size,
Stride wide, and dare the loathing eyes;
With summer's parching dust bestrew'd,
Or in foul winter's dies embru'd:
Arms, of such legs companions meet,
And hands, twin-sisters to their feet...

Feet of hard warted horn, rock proof,
Shapeless as the wild ass's hoof:
More careless far than nicer brutes,
Their steps what mingled stain pollutes!
They tread mid Cloacina's store,
Which heaps each fly-frequented door,
E'en where the putrid puddle lies
Obscene, and poisons half the skies.

Oh! how unlike fair England's feet,
In glossy shoe so trim and neat,
With nicest step which pick their way
When hasty show'rs have drench'd the clay,
Where the clean stone or gravel's bed
Attracts their circumspective tread;
While the coy hand, with cautious doubt,
Holds up the spotless petticoat,
And bares the taper ancle, dight
In thread or cotton's purest white...
Just bares...but if some bolder eye,
With glance too curious, aim to pry,
Soon drops the decent robe around,
Alarm'd...nor scorns to sweep the ground.

BLEACHING.

A FRAGMENT. 1771.

By Caledonia's crystal streams,
Sparkling in June's ethereal beams,
On Leven's banks and Lomond's side,
Or in the vocal vale of Clyde,
The nymphs to this bright task decreed
Succinct and barefoot tend the mead,
Still sprinkling, gaily as they pass,
The skeins that hide the tufted grass;
By one plain fillet ill confin'd,
Loose wave their locks to every wind;
The winds assist their sportive pains,
And lightly brush the brightening skeins,
Which fann'd and moisten'd, as they lie
Innumerous, drink the cloudless sky,
And basking in the fount of light,
Imbibe such emulative white,

That e'en the snows, which ling'ring bide
On each broad mountain's sunless side,
Surpass'd in pure immaculate hue,
These whiter meads with envy view.

SCOTLAND.

JULY 1771.

Now there dwelt in a little valley amidst the mountains of the north a husbandman, who was just and upright in his dealings, and he was a breeder of sheep; and the Lord had blessed him, and his flocks multiplied exceedingly, and fed upon a thousand hills.

The man was not a native of the hill country; he came from the country of the plain: but his wife was one of the daughters of the land, even a daughter of the mountains; and her name was Maini: and they had been married a few years, but had no children.

And it came to pass that a stranger, who was a pilgrim, came down into the valley seeking shade and refreshment; and he alighted from his horse and came unto their dwelling, which was low and humble, after the rude man-

ner of building in those parts, and he stooped and passed the threshold.

Now it chanced that the man was absent on a journey; but Maini his wife was in the house: and when she saw the stranger she bade him welcome, and brought him into a little chamber which was clean, though homely; and the man marked it well; for the people of that country are not so cleanly in their habitations as the people of the south.

The woman also was neat in her attire, and fair-spoken; but her speech was a little broken (for the language of the south is as a foreign tongue in that land); nevertheless it was soft and gentle, and it sounded pleasing in the ear of the stranger.

Then she brought forth milk and butter, even sweet butter in pure vessels; and she hasted to bake a barley cake on the embers, and set before him, and he did eat.

And she spake cheerfully to him, but with all modesty and sweetness, and said, Now of a

surety this wild country and the manners thereof must seem strange unto thee.

And he said, The very wildness of the country is pleasing to me, and for the manners thereof, this kindness to the traveller must indeed seem strange to those who come from afar, for the people in other parts are not used to be so comfortable to strangers.

And she said, Dost thou come from afar? These mountains and the rough ways therein are wearisome to the traveller; thou needs must want repose.

And the man paused a little, and replied, I come from the farthest parts of the south; I am a pilgrim, and the days of my pilgrimage have been many, and now indeed at last I am weary, and my beast is weary also: let me, I intreat thee, tarry a few days under the shadow of thy roof, so shall I have rest, and my beast shall have rest likewise.

And she seemed to wonder at his request; and she answered discreetly, and said, Alas

for me! that it is not in my power to entertain thee: I have heard of the country from which thou comest, that it is a rich and plentiful country, and the people thereof live in fair dwellings, and eat of the fat of the land; but this country, as thou seest, is poor and barren, and the manners thereof are rude and ignorant; thou canst not surely be pleased with such things: my house also and household stuff are mean and scanty. We intend soon, if the Lord shall bless us, to make it better: peradventure if thou shouldst chance to pass this way hereafter it will be in my power to receive thee as I could wish.

But he answered, Nay, speak not thus to thy servant: if I shall not straiten thee in thy dwelling, this little chamber will suffice for my lodging, and the fare which serveth thee will content me well; but if I shall be burdensome to thee, speak the word, and I will depart.

And she said, Assuredly thou shalt not de-

part, if thou canst be pleased to tarry under this poor roof. Thy stay will not be long, but I will do what little I can to make it less irksome to thee.

And he thanked her for her courtesy, and said, Trouble not thyself much to provide for me; a little will suffice. And he was glad to tarry, for rest was needful to him; and he was pleased with the understanding and natural courtesy of the woman. Moreover he was curious to see the simple manners and household customs of those parts.

Then they ungirded his beasts, and housed them, and gave them provender. And Maini carried the stranger forth into the field beside her dwelling, to shew him the pleasantness thereof: and lo! it was a little valley of green pasture, smooth and level, and a swift stream divided it in the midst; and there were trees for shade; and where the valley opened to the south it was bounded by a narrow arm of the sea, and on every other side the mountains

stood round it like a mighty wall; and there was the sound of many waters, which foamed as they fell from the rocks above, but where they gathered into a pool beneath were pure and clear as crystal.

And behold, as they walked in the field, there chanced to pass that way a shepherd boy, one of those who kept their flocks on the hills; and she called him unto her, and spake gently to the lad, and said, Jocky, go fetch a lamb and a kid from the mountain, and see thou choose aright, that this stranger may taste of the best of our flock; and take thy dog with thee, that thou mayst be able to catch that which thou markest, for thou knowest they are wild on the hills, and difficult to be taken.

And the stranger said, Let me now speak a word, I beseech thee. Send not for both at once; send either for the lamb or for the kid, as seemeth best unto thee: will not one suffice?

And she said, Nay, but the lad shall bring down both, and we will eat first of the lamb, and I will feed the kid with milk from the cow, so shall it be fat and fit to set before thee when thou hast eaten of the lamb.

She said moreover, I will make for thee whey of the milk of the goat, if thou wilt drink thereof; it is a pleasant and wholesome drink.

And he said, I see thou art kind and careful. Thou shalt have the blessing of the stranger: do then according to the kindness of thy word.

Then she spake again to the lad, and charged him strictly: so the lad ran, and hasted to the mountain, and his dog went with him.

But the man stood still in the field, and pondered, and said within himself, Surely this is the ancient world, and the manners of the times of old: did not Sarah or Rebekah do after this fashion, when she received the stranger in the absence of Abraham or Isaac her lord?

And as he continued musing she said, What musest thou upon?

And he turned and looked wistfully on the woman (for he had not much regarded her countenance before), and he saw that she was lovely to look upon, and that the favour of her countenance was full of simplicity, and mildness, and loving-kindness.

And he cast his eyes around, and the place seemed to him as a portion of Eden; and the sun was bright in the heavens, and shone upon benevolence and innocence, and he was transported with the sight, and his heart glowed within him, and he could not refrain from speaking to her as one surprised; but he spake in a low voice, humbly and reverently, and said, Behold I am a stranger in the land, and the face of the land itself is strange, and what I see around me looks like enchantment; tell me now, I pray thee, is it usual to meet with angels among these mountains?

And she said, I never heard of any in these

parts; and she blushed lightly, even as the blossom of the wild sweet-briar, which grew beside her on the bank of that pleasant brook, and smiled, and held her peace.

And they walked and communed together, and were as familiar friends; and when he commended the pleasantness of the place, Maini seemed to mock thereat, and said, To us indeed it seemeth a sweet and pleasant place; but can it be that these wild rocks should delight the eye of the stranger who cometh from the fruitful country of the south?

And he said, Doth not novelty heighten many pleasures? therefore perhaps these wild scenes are more pleasing to me than to thee who art accustomed to them.

And the man sojourned there more than twenty days: moreover when he departed thence, he looked back and sighed. Then he took his way through the desart of mountains, and vacancy and silence were around him on every side.

FROM A TRAVELLER IN WALES

TO A FRIEND TRAVELLING IN SCOTLAND.

AUGUST 1772.

FROM the green ends of Gwyneth's [a] ancient land,
Wild Arvon's coast, and Mona's wizard strand,[b]
Where Britain's tongue still braves the Saxon yoke,
And the bold words which Cæsar heard are spoke,
This greets my friend; whose vein to loftier things,
Hills more aspiring, and more copious springs,
Ere now have rais'd: for not with Scotia's pride,
By equal pact to England's realm allied,
Doth humbled Cambria dare in strife engage,
Nor Taliessin vie with Ossian's rage.

[a] Gwyneth is the ancient British name of that division of country now called North Wales; the Venedotia of the Romans.

[b] Wizard; alluding to the description in Tacitus of the Druids assembled on the shore of Anglesey to assist in opposing the passage of the Romans. Annal. l. 14.

And yet, midst echoing rocks and vocal woods,
Soothing the mountain winds and torrent floods,
E'en here some native strains still sweetly sound,
While the *harp* cheers the listening oreads round,
Surpassing far in compass, life, and tone,
The twanging *bagpipe's* soporific drone.
Music so sweet, so various, and so gay,
Oft too, symphonious to no vulgar lay,
Rough Boreas hears not in his bleak domain,
But that past ages heard now boasts in vain.[c]
The nymphs themselves to the harp's circle drawn,
Brushing with naked feet the dewy lawn,
Brisk on its turf their noiseless measures pace,
More light of form, more elegant of face,
Than those who, clustering in the piper's throng,
Beat the hard earth, and mix their artless song.

Ne'er shall the north with Cambria's beauties vie,
Unknown to mountains of a ruder sky
(Save that their lakes a just distinction claim,
And meaner waters shrink at Lomond's name);

[c] The harp makes a great figure in the poems of Ossian, but if it ever was a popular instrument in the highlands, it has been disused time out of mind.

Ne'er with her vales shall highland glens compare,
Poetic dens of famine, caves of care:
Oft in their name their character appears,
This call'd the glen of dolor, that of tears.[d]
Claude's colours there, and Virgil's style are faint...
Let Churchill's pen, and Rosa's pencil paint...
All frowns...but here, tho' rude the general scene,
In loveliest contrast to its savage mien,
Full many a soft and fertile tract is found,
Whose flowery verge the sheltering mountains bound,
Where Ceres, Pales, and Pomona, join
Rich fruits, the golden sheaf and milky kine.
Such the warm vale,[e] by cliffs and groves embrac'd,
Here spread with pasture, there with harvest grac'd

[d] For the glen of dolor see Mr. Pennant's account of Castle Campbel in his tour; and for that of tears see Mr. Dalrymple's etymology of Glen-co, in a note on his account of the massacre.

[e] The vale of Conway extends from Bettus y coed, formerly noted for its pearl fishery, to Conway-castle, built by Edward the First at the mouth of the river. Snowdon must be taken here in its old acceptation for the whole tract of the Carnarvonshire mountains.

(Though cloudy Snowdon o'er its beauties lours),
From pearly Bettus stretch'd to Edward's tow'rs.
Here he, who rushing from his lofty fount,[f]
And hurl'd impetuous down the craggy mount,
Oft rends his parent rocks in frantic mood,
Maturer Conway rolls his sober flood:
Of man just emblem in each different stage,
Headstrong as youth, then mild as ripen'd age.
Erst prone to fable, credulous of yore,
Devoutly listening to sage Merlin's lore;[g]
When Cambria fell by conquering Edward, vain
To wear his mighty victor's pompous chain;[h]
In gentler times he softer graces chose,
When near him Gwidir's classic structure[i] rose;

[f] The Conway is a furious torrent river from its source till it issues from the rocks at the head of the vale, after which its course is very smooth.

[g] The scene of many of the old fables relating to Merlin is laid on the banks of the Conway.

[h] Alluding to the magnificent castle built by Edward the First to command the river; now the most picturesque ruin in the kingdom.

[i] The upper house of Gwidir (demolished last year) was supposed to have been built by Inigo Jones, and was probably the

Then proud of Jones, born on his verdant side,
Whose bridge [k] to distant time prolong'd his pride;
Though now its arches scarce his wave contain,
Swoln high of late with Gray's sublimest strain.
Inspiring stream! from bold Aneurin's lay [l]
Still tuneful, to our English Pindar's day.
How elegant the meads, and stream, and shade,
From cool Festiniog's airy height survey'd!

first house in the principality decorated in the stile of classic architecture. It was likewise entitled to this epithet from another particularity, for the walls both within and without were inscribed with passages from the Roman, Italian, and Spanish poets; not forgetting the Welch bards, who may be stiled classics in their own country.

[k] The tradition of the country is that Jones was born at Llanrwst, and that he built that bridge over the Conway. The date is 1636, and the elegance of the structure is worthy of him.

[l] Aneurin, one of the most ancient bards cotemporary with Taliessin. His most famous poem was the Gododin, a sort of Pindaric ode, celebrating the prowess of his countrymen in a battle on the banks of the Conway. There are some fragments of it, with a translation, in Evans' collection.

Yon villa's site Italia's taste might please,[m]
Which plac'd aloft, yet bosom'd deep in trees,
Reflected views her mountain's waving side
In the broad mirror of each brimming tide.
See what fair garlands wreathe Cluid's polish'd urn!
See mitred Elwy's tributary burne [n]
Mid tilth and meadow wind its serpent maze,
Whose wealthy dow'r might England's envy raise!
More spacious still that country's smiling pride
Where circling Deva's hallow'd waters glide,[o]
By tow'rs, and fanes, and groves, their progress take,
Scorning rude Aran's springs, and Bala's fost'ring lake.

[m] The vale of Mainturog. The villa here described is Plas Tanybwlk, the site of which is exceedingly picturesque.

[n] The vale of Cluid and St. Asaph. The Elwy is the river which runs by St. Asaph, the British name of which is Llan-Elwy.

[o] The lower part of Denbighshire through which the Dee runs, taking a great sweep towards Chester, is a beautiful cultivated country. The sources of the Dee are in the mountains called Aran, but it is not a considerable stream till it issues from the lake of Bala.

But prouder far than all, that plenteous plain
Thro' which young Sabrine draws her wanton train,
She of pure race, Plimlimmon's spotless child,
Here in this soft voluptuous bed defil'd,[P]
The glebe's rich tincture blots her wave refin'd,
As wealth's corruption taints the fairest mind.
Sad chance! the mistress flood of Cambrian birth
Alone discolour'd by her native earth;
While each inferior naiad's limpid stream
Gilds its bright pebbles in the solar beam.
Through all its course, unpurified by toil,
The blemish of this too luxurious soil
Pollutes her current, till the lasting stain
Yields to the salt ablutions of the main.
Such the prime scenes of Cambria's various land,
Which soft of feature, elegant, and bland,

[P] The vale of Montgomery through which Severn runs, and in which its waters first contract their muddy hue, is one of the richest scenes of cultivation in the kingdom. The Severn rises in Plimlimmon, and is as clear at first as any other of the brooks which fall from those mountains.

Temper with culture's smile,[q] and milder air,
The stern majestic brow her mountains wear.
Clad in thick gloom, their summits frown on high;
Beneath, the vales, like beauteous suppliants, lie:
Delight at once and awe our bosoms prove...
'Tis Venus prostrate at the feet of Jove.

Hard were the task to name each latent grace,
Clasp'd fondly in her wide and strict embrace;
These deep and devious solitude conceals,
Or to th' unconscious eye alone reveals,
When thro' the desart's vast and trackless maze,
Led by the chase, th' incurious native strays.
Yet, sweet sequester'd charms, ye sometimes meet
The pilgrim's casual glance and wandering feet,
Bold each recess far-winding to explore,
Where never gentle footsteps pierc'd before;
There sole, and undescried by mortal eyes,
Waiting th' auspicious moment of surprise,

[q] The vales here enumerated are the principal scenes of cultivation in North Wales, and are very beautiful; but the more romantic features of the country lie hid among the wilder parts of the mountains, many of them difficult of access; little visited by strangers, and less noticed by the natives.

With rev'rend violence, not profane, I ween,[r]
To seize the shifting Proteus of the scene;
Whose transformations strange, and still renew'd,
Exhaustless still, th' unwearied grasp elude.
Now o'er the precipice a broad oak he waves;
Now white with eddying foam a torrent raves;
Then shoots in cataract down the rifted rock,
Dreadful with stunning roar and misty smoke;
Or proving gentler change, a fountain seems,
Thence glides away in smooth translucent streams.
But all his various wiles he tries in vain,
His strong invader stricter draws the chain,[s]
Till in his proper shape, subdu'd and mild,[t]
Confess'd th' enthusiast genius of the wild,

[r] Nam sine vi non ulla dabit præcepta...
Omnia transformat sese in miracula rerum, &c.
VIRG. G. iv.

[s] Quanto ille magis formas se vertet in omnes,
Tanto nate magis contende tenacia vincla.

[t] Sed cum nulla viam reperit fallacia, victus
In sese redit....

He yields his treasures, opes his secret cell,
Where all the genuine forms of rapture dwell...
Fair vestal forms! from the world's proudest throne
Sacred...and obvious to the muse alone.

.... Opere in medio defixa relinquit aratra.

ON VISITING THE RUINS OF

BRADEGATE-HOUSE IN LEICESTERSHIRE,

THE BIRTH-PLACE OF LADY JANE GREY,

AND THE SCENE OF ASCHAM'S INTERVIEW WITH HER, WHEN HE FOUND HER READING THE PHÆDON OF PLATO.

Οὐκ εἴ τι δώσων τῇ περίσσ' εὐκαρδίῳ,
Ψυχήν' ἀρίστῃ; Euripidis Hecuba, line 579.

SONNET I.

HERE spring, ye roses, laurels, ivy, here,
Each meed of learning's [a] or of beauty's brow;
Be pious fortitude's fair garland near,
With cypress mix'd the palm's triumphant bough:
Here, the bright boast of Grey's aspiring line,
Young Jane in early bloom of genius sate,
Intently pond'ring Plato's page divine,
Calm, and unconscious of impending fate.

[a] Doctarum hederæ præmia frontium. HOR.

Sweet sophist! whom too soon stern foes ordain,
To prove that lore sublime not learnt in vain
(Severely prove, while first thy Guilford bled),
E'en wisdom wept o'er thy untimely bier;
Nor have the muses nor the graces e'er,
Before or since, such tears of anguish shed.

SONNET II.

Ye Lars, yet ling'ring round your wasted seat,
Tell me where stood the room to Pallas dear,
Whose hallow'd ruins, now her bird's retreat,
All the mild pow'rs of doctrine still revere:
That room, which Plato's genius erst was known
To haunt, more pleas'd than in his olive shade,
While Jane, ill destin'd to a fatal throne,
Meek Wisdom's child, his discipline obey'd.
O speak...for vows to that once attic scene
I bring...there fix one wreath of deathless green...
There too some consecrated tears I shed...
Still are ye mute?...alas! in vain I call...
They fled this mournful place, or perish'd all,
Pining with grief, when their lov'd mistress bled.

EPIGRAM I.

'Casta suo gladium, &c.'

WHEN Jane, unmov'd amid the weeping crowd,
Knelt to the block yet warm with Guilford's blood,
'The bitterness of death is past,' she cry'd,
''Twas then I suffer'd when my husband dy'd.'

II.

SOON as to Socrates the news was known
That Jane's calm fortitude surpass'd his own,
'O be her fame superior!' pleas'd he cry'd;
'To such disciples I can yield with pride:
But let her not, too emulous, deny
Whose early lessons [b] taught her how to die.'

[b] The Phædon contains the discourse which Socrates held on the immortality of the soul, &c. just before his death.

GREEK TRANSLATION,

BY THOMAS TYRWHITT,

OF EPIGRAM II.

'Soon as to Socrates, &c.'

Της Γραιης κακος οιτος ὁτ' εν νεκυεσσι πεπυσται
Εργα τε Σωκρατικης κρεισσονα καρτεριας,
Αλλα ὁι, ειπ' ο Γερων, και κυδος ὑπερτερον ειη·
Νικασθαι τοιην ου φθονος εστιν εριν·
Αυτη δ' αυ κατα θυμον εχῃ, ζηλῶσα περ εμπης,
Εξ ὡν ευ θνησκειν εκμεμαθηκε λογων.

ASCHAMI EPISTOLÆ.

LIB. I. EP. IV.

Duas Angliæ fæminas præterire non possum, &c. Altera est Jana Graya filia nobilis marchionis Dorsetensis, &c. &c. annum nata est decimum quintum. In aulâ fui illi valde familiaris, et scripsit ad me eruditas litteras. Hâc superiore æstate, cum amicos in agro Eboracensi viserem, in viâ deflexi Leicestriam, ubi Jana cum patre habitaret. Statim admissus sum in cubiculum. Inveni nobilem puellam, dii boni! legentem Græcè Phædonem Platonis, quem sic intelligit ut mihi ipsi summam admirationem injiceret. Sic loquitur et scribit Græcè ut vera referenti vix fides adhiberi possit, &c.

LIB. III. EP. VII.

ROGERUS ASCHAMUS clarissimæ dominæ JOANNÆ GRAYÆ.

IN hâc longinquâ peregrinatione meâ, clarissima domina, emensus sum grandia locorum spatia, urbes amplissimas inspexi, mores hominum multorum vidi, instituta, leges, religionem, disciplinam diversorum populorum quâ maximâ potuerim diligentiâ adverti: nihil tamen in tantâ rerum varietate tam justam mihi admirationem adfert, quam quód hâc proximâ superiore æstate offenderim te tam nobilem virginem, absente optimo [c] præceptore, in aulâ nobilissimi patris quo tempore reliqui et reliquæ venationi et jucunditatibus sese dent, offenderim inquam, ὦ Ζεῦ καὶ θεοί, divinam virginem divinum divini Platonis Phædonem Græcè sedulò perlegentem, &c. &c.

See likewise the Scholemaster, p. 222. Ascham's works, Bennet's edition.

[c] John Aylmer, afterwards bishop of London.

STANZAS BY SEVERN SIDE.

NOV. 1788.

WRITTEN AT HAM-COURT, THE SEAT OF JOHN MARTIN, ESQ.

ONCE more my willing feet by Severn stray,
Through the soft meads and hospitable grove,
Where oft has gleam'd the mild autumnal day,
Still with calm leisure blest and social love.

Nor yet is wanting Friendship's cordial cheer,
Nor charm of female worth, serene and kind:
Ah! pleasing hours, ye speed your light career,
Nor heed the gloom that rises thick behind!

For soon the wintry scenes of life must come,
Our genial spirits droop, and fancy fade;
Disease and death's inevitable doom
Too soon must whelm us in the general shade.

Nor thou, Sabrina, whose perpetual stream
With quick succession ceaseless seems to flow,

Nymph as thou art, thyself immortal deem,
Nor boast to scape the lot of all below.

Time was, ere huge Plimlimmon heav'd the breast,
Whose bounteous moisture feeds thy infant rill...
Those vital springs shall time at length arrest,
And slowly mining, sink thy parent hill.

Again perhaps, as change eternal sways,
By potent engines moulding nature's frame,
Some lab'ring force profound the mount may raise,
Still fountful to revive Sabrina's fame.

Through virgin meads, new-clad in vernal pride,
Shall the young naiad draw her sinuous train,
By springing groves and rising turrets glide,
Then yield her bridal tribute to the main.

A second Thyrsis may invoke her aid,*
To free chaste beauty from th' enchanter's spell,

* Alluding to the invocation of Sabrina, and the song of Sweet Echo, in the masque of Comus.

While warbled plainings fill the twilight glade,
And woo sweet Echo from her aery shell.

Then too some waning bard, in pensive vein,
May strictly meditate sage Spenser's lore;[f]
Of time and mutability complain,
And life's brief periods, fix'd by fate, deplore.

Yet renovation still succeeds decay,
Alternate, as the flood and ebbing tide:
The muse, though mortal, hence forbids dismay,
Who, cheer'd with hope's bright genius by her side,

A glance through dim futurity shall dart,
Then breathe one last, but elevating strain,
Of solemn charm to calm the throbbing heart,
Which thought too curious would appal in vain.

[f] The two cantos of Mutability at the end of the Faery Queen, and the poem entitled the Ruins of Time.

THE EMPIRE OF LOVE.

A PHILOSOPHICAL POEM. 1770.

Quid velit, et possit rerum concordia discors. HORAT.

As o'er wild Cambria's waste I stray'd,
Where in dank squalid weed array'd,
Her drooping Oreads mourn;
Cupid I spy'd in guise of woe,
With languent torch, and slacken'd bow,[1]
Beneath a leafless thorn.

Shrill through the boughs the blast did sing;
And flagging hung his ruffled wing;
Suppliant and meek his eyes
Seem'd human pity to implore:
As when he sought Anacreon's door,
Chill'd with inclement skies.

And, 'Thou, who lead'st the world astray,
Thyself,' I cry'd, 'hast lost thy way;
Thy Empire lies not here:
Nor myrtle here, nor rose is found;
Nor balmy gales waft odours round,
Softening the soul severe.

Lo here the Natives hard and rough;
Offspring of mountains...breasts of proof
To blunt thy feeble dart!
Here patience, poverty, and toil;
A sullen clime; a barren soil;
Steeling each rustic heart!

Hence to the wanton Paphian bow'r;
There exercise thy bounded pow'r,
Thy cruelty, thy pride.'
Thus with bold folly I revil'd...
Scorn lighten'd from his eyes; he smil'd
Avengement; and replied;

(Oh pardon, if the astonish'd Verse
Faulter; aspiring to rehearse
His grave, but ardent strain;
With fire his gesture, mien, and tone
Instinct...which Avon's Muse alone
Had not assay'd in vain.)

'Soon shalt thou learn, Scoffer profane,
What limits bound my narrow reign;
How pow'rless here I stray:
Soon feel what regions rue me most;
Me, the sole Monarch who can boast
An UNIVERSAL sway.

All Earth is mine...I rule Supreme,
Where Lena's ice-encumber'd stream[3]
Burdens the whitening main;
Where Tagus rolls his golden waves;
And tepid Guadalquivir laves
His orange-scented plain.

Fly southward...will the burning Line,
Think'st thou, my fierce pursuit confine,
Or my keen shafts consume?
Lurk in Potosi's caverns deep...[4]
Or pant on Quito's tow'ring steep;
Above the Condor's plume...

Or seek some undeflow'red isle,
Some wild Calypso's green asyle,
Midst Ocean's folds conceal'd...
Thee Ande's crest; thee Plata's cave;
Vain fugitive! thee the virgin wave
To my fell quest shall yield.

Whirl'd on the sledge by fleet Rein-deer,
Roam the hoar North...A hunter there
I rouse the silent pole:
O'er the blue ice, beneath the snows,[5]
Unquenchable my ardour glows,
And thaws the freezing soul.

Lo! from the womb of Zembla's night
Springs the quick-sallying lambent Light,
And in loose glancings plays:
Now skirts the Horizon's umber'd bound;
Now canopies the Zenith crown'd
With undulating rays.

Those fires let erring Science deem
Bright effluence of th' electric stream;
Or from the zodiac hurl'd;
But know, whate'er vain Sages dream,
Shook from this brandish'd torch, they gleam
Wide o'er each Polar world.

Oft traversing in frantic mood,
Strange ominous Phantoms, stain'd with blood,
Portents to guilt, and fear:
Oft faint, in thin pellucid vest
Of bridal whiteness Fancy-drest,
Blithe Elfin Forms appear.

So shift the Forms, which dread or gay,
As shifts the great Enchanter's lay,
Swarm on his magic scene;
Stalk round the cauldron's lurid flame,
Shaking a murd'rous Tyrant's frame;
Or charm in Ariel's mien.

Such meteors aw'd the general sight;
Mute was the gaze; with stern delight
Horror thrill'd every vein;
What time first kindling from above
Beam'd Brunswic's star...and Heav'nly Love
Rejoic'd o'er Freedom's reign.

I saw proud London's crowded ways
Catch and reflect the quivering blaze,
By anxious millions ey'd:
The swans, that slept on Thames' smooth breast,
Launch'd forth, as startled from their rest,
Scar'd on the glimmering tide.

And frequent since those visions bright
Gild Albion's mild Love-hallow'd night,
With radiance all benign;
To blooming Hope, and young Desire;
Nor less to Freedom's holier fire,
My still-propitious sign.

Nor think I sway this Earth alone;
Lo! the pale Vestal of the Moon,
Bound in my viewless chains,
Shall check her team at my command;
And to this strong and guiding hand
Resign her silver reins.

On yon green mount what Youth so fair
Lies slumbering?...'tis Endymion's air,
Of Latmian swains the pride...
Ah, Cynthia, whither devious flies
Thy car?...that track deserts the skies...
But Cupid is thy guide.

Such wandering maz'd e'en Newton's eyes:
Perplex'd (so rash, so blind the Wise!)
He durst blaspheme her course
Still contumacious to his laws...
Nor once divin'd, the secret cause
Was Love's attractive force.

Alas! unconscious Newton's soul
Of that prime impulse, which the whole
Stupendous Movement feels
In all its powers; which smooths its toil;
And gives the fine Ethereal oil
To sleek its gliding wheels.

Life's Genii thence their lamps relume,
That cheer th' erst blank inanimate gloom,
And wake the tribes of sense,
Still flocking where young Transport roves
Thro' Beauty's spring; while new-fledg'd Loves
Her vernal sweets dispense.

...Look, how Night's glittering Myriads aim
Direct, oblique, th' elastic flame
Shot from each vivid glance!
How keen they point each lucid dart!
How long to meet, yet strive to part,[10]
In yon Love-labour'd dance!

Thus tourneying on their native sands,[11]
Wheel the light Moors in squadron'd bands,
And lance the sportive reed:
Involv'd their mazes foil the sight,
Yet regular, as alternate, flight
And swift pursuit succeed.

Archers of light, whose arrowy beams
Aye vibrate; in your course, which seems
Ceaseless to fly, or chase,
Though all in silent brightness move,
Those scintillations tell, Ye love!...[12]
Through vast deep-charmed space

Tell, how with mutual sense refin'd
One pure all-harmonizing Mind
Endues each kindred Ball:
Each through its inmost fabric feels
The sp'rit which permeates, and impels,
Moulds, and empassions all.

E'en brute Earth feels...with ponderous tide
Seas heave tumultuous, and subside;
Yet burst not Phœbe's bands:
Rude Magnets seek their restless Pole:[13]
And the lithe Plant, which boasts a soul,
Now shrinks, and now expands.

To genial strife, with passion sped,[14]
By delicate discernment led,
The energic Atoms tend;
In wide Communion's strenuous field,
Yielding resist, resisting yield;
And shun; and choose; and blend.

Still fond Attraction's wooing strain,[15]
And coy Repulsion's nice disdain,
Their influence interchange:
And still, as strong propensions warm,
Some chaste reluctance aids the charm,
Through Love's all-quickening range.

Such charms all elements combine,[16]
Which but divide, again to join;
And join but to divide:
Nor e'er will NATURE's nuptial law
The gordian knot too closely draw;
Nor void divorce abide.

Oh mark, when her connubial voice [17]
Assigns each dear peculiar choice
To finer parts, the embrace
What magic sympathy unites!
And how they spurn the unhallow'd rites,
Which she denies to grace!

Blush, Avarice vile; blush, sordid Pride;
Mean Prostitutes! nor dare deride
Great NATURE's virtuous lore'...
Fervent he spake, contracting now
With thoughts abstruse that infant brow,
Which Men and Gods adore...

'And perish Hymen, when he binds
Ill-suited forms, discordant minds;
Artificer of woes!...
Lo! NATURE with resistless stroke
Indignant breaks the unequal yoke,
His impious laws impose.

She still through all her functions sage,
Spite of dull use, and withering age,
Primæval force maintains:
Brief variances with unions vie;
Sweet Change, and sober Constancy,
Wear Concord's golden chains.

Thus old oraculous Poets sung,"
Yet fabling wild; when Truth was young;
In first-born Fancy's reign:
Next Wisdom claim'd the wondrous theme;
But e'en the Wise with Fiction's dream
My mysteries oft profane;

Which mock their levell'd tube's descry,
Piercing the rare translucent sky;
And microscopic sleight,
Sharpening the visual point so fine;
And prism, unbraiding the nice twine
Of colour-blending light:

Mock their pale vigils, void and vain,
Whether, more curious than humane,
Like Augurs old, they pore
On the still-vibrant fibre's frame;
Or tending strict their operant flame,
The chemic vase explore.

Dark is all intellectual view;
Though purg'd with euphrasy and rue,[19]
Prime optic virtues held;
Till crystal drops from LOVE's clear well
The dim suffusion quite dispel...
And NATURE stands reveal'd,

While, by each handmaid Grace undrest,[20]
She yields her veil, and dædal vest;
All but the zone resign'd;
Th' enchanting zone, whose mystic spell
Could once, as Græcian Muses tell,
Charm e'en the Sovereign Mind.

...Open thou everlasting gate,
Whose valves display SOL's ample state,
From Saturn's torpent sphere,
To yon Mercurial spherule, roll'd,[21]
More voluble than burnish'd gold,
Swift thro' his flaming year.

And lo! full-plum'd to bear thee high,
An Eagle sweeps the sounding sky,[22]
Prompt at my beck...the same,
In whose stark pounce uplifted light
Old Chaucer's visionary sprite
Soar'd to the House of Fame.

Then, spurning Earth, range Ether's fields,
Where he, my lordly servant, wields
His subject globes around;
In gallant Mars...in amorous Jove...
In my fair parent orb...from Love
Shall sanctuary be found?

Thrice blest, if once thy favour'd flight
On that blithe star of Venus light;
Heaven's purest-sparkling eye,
Whether on morn's fresh prime it pour
Bland influence, or the ambrosial hour
That melts the evening sky!

For Phosphor, see! th' enamour'd East
Loosely unfolds her azure breast,
To greet his rising beam;
And the fond West hails Hesper, fair!
Sloping to bathe his radiant hair
In Ocean's taintless stream.

And yet, with splendor thus adorn,
The waxing, or the waning horn [23]
Is all that Earth surveys...
How glorious then, by Hermes seen,
The full effulgence, flashing keen
As one broad diamond's blaze!

There Psyche in the immaculate ray,
My Psyche, and young Pleasure play,[24]
Light-toying, undismay'd:
No sister's envious wiles pursue
Her joys, since thither first she flew
On Zephyr's wing convey'd,

Till stooping his glad pinions clos'd,
And safe their precious freight depos'd,
My bride, and sole-belov'd...'
At Psyche's name his voice grew mild;
With grace ineffable he smil'd;
Me silent transport mov'd,

Admiring how that smiling grace
Calm lustre shed o'er the rude face
Of Nature; and illum'd,
Far-beaming round, the desert scene:
When more majestic, yet serene,
Thus gently he resum'd:

'Oh, for my faithful there what meed
Sublime, mysterious rests decreed,
Let mercy now conceal;
Intenser strains of bliss sincere;
Which mortal sense would ache to hear,
And straight dissolve to feel!

There at Imperial Beauty's shrine,
Circled by Minstrelsy divine,
High o'er th' enthusiast quire
Urania, Muse of charm severe,
With chords, that thrill thro' many a sphere,
Strings her celestial lyre.

My puissance chants her noble song...
Love, eldest Pow'r, yet ever young;
Midst Order's reign ador'd!
Love, by each constellation bright,
Each occident, and orient Light,
Own'd Universal Lord!

How, through the lessening void compell'd [25]
By Love, firm compact Matter held
With Matter, Mind with Mind;
Till each new globe's broad bosom round
My strong-link'd chains enormous wound
The huge protuberance bind!

But various orbs th' eternal chain,[26]
Here more relax'd, there drawn amain,
With varying force enfolds:
Its proper links each mass must bear;
All...light or pond'rous...dense or rare...
One strong constriction holds!

Oft interpos'd (here lost, and mute!)[27]
Soft plainings of the Æolian lute
Divide those solemn lays:
Mellifluous warblings melt around;
Till, whelming every weaker sound,
Bursts the full tide of praise.

Hark, how the choral Spheres combine
Their deep symphonious notes divine,
Awakening raptures high!
While o'er his harp Hyperion bends
In sacred silence; and attends
Heaven's Love-tun'd harmony.

And, couldst thou mount the Comet's wing,
Or with Light's nimble spirit spring
Through every dazzling zone,
Where prouder Suns in glory's maze
Shine boundless, mingling blaze with blaze...'
Sudden in loftier tone

His thundering accents cleft my ear:
A giant form he seem'd to rear;
Earth trembled as dismay'd...
He paus'd: he check'd this swelling strain:
Shrunk to his little self again,
'For thee, poor Worm!' he said,

'Suffice it, this domain is mine...'
He aim'd; and from the twanging line
A vengeful arrow came...
'Beneath this thorn here take thy seat;
And bid yon echoing rock repeat,
Though faintly, all my fame.'

Then bow'd the listening mountains round,
Won from their trance with wonted sound
Of harp, and jocund crowd:[28]
Glisten'd each torrent's foamy bed;
And gleam'd old Wythva's snow-bright head,
Rending his ambient cloud.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

[1] *Cupid I spy'd in guise of woe,*
With languent torch, &c. &c.

Ecce Puer Veneris fert eversamque pharetram,
Et fractos arcus, et sine luce facem.
Adspice demissis ut eat miserabilis alis.
OVID. in Morte Tibulli, Eleg. 9. Lib. 3.

[2] *Here patience, poverty, and toil.*

Hic patiens operum, parvoque assueta juventus.
VIRG. Georg.

[3] *Where Lena's ice-encumber'd stream*
Burthens the whitening main.
And tepid Guadalquivir, &c.

The Lena is the most considerable river of Asiatic Russia, and falls into the frozen or White Sea, which is

said to be more blocked with ice near the mouths of the great rivers than on other parts of the coast.

The Guadalquivir flows through the province of Andalusia, in Spain, renowned for its climate and orange-groves.

Lurk in Potosi's caverns deep...
Or pant on Quito's tow'ring steep;
Above the Condor's plume.

Potosi, in the province of La Plata, in Peru, famous for its silver mines.

Quito, capital of the province of the same name, is situated in the midst of the great chain of mountains, called the Cordillera of the Andes.

The Condor is a bird of prey, of the vulture kind, but far surpassing the vultures of the old continent in size and strength, which frequents the highest mountains of the Andes. "Le fameux oiseau appellé au Perou Condor, que J'ai vu en plusieurs endroits de la province de Quito, se trouve aussi, si ce qu'on m'a assuré est vrai, dans les pays bas des bords du Maragnon. J'en ai vu planer au dessus d'un troupeau de moutons; il y a apparence que la vue du berger les empêchoit de rien entreprendre. C'est une opinion universellement

repandue, que cet oiseau enleve un chevreuil, et qu'il a quelquefois fait sa proie d'un enfant. On pretend que les Indiens lui presentent pour appât une figure d'enfant d'une argile tres visqueuse, sur laquelle il fond d'un vol rapide, et qu'il y engage ses serres de maniere qu'il ne lui est plus possible de s'en depétrer." Voyage de la Riviere des Amazones, par M. de la CONDAMINE, page 172.

[5] *O'er the blue ice, &c.*

"La glace est d'un tres beau bleu, semblable a la couleur du vitriol." Description de Spitzbergen, par Frederic MARTENS, dans le Recueil de Voyages du Nord.

[6] *Bright effluence of th' electric stream*
Or from the zodiac hurl'd.

This alludes to the two most plausible hypotheses which have hitherto been advanced concerning the cause of the Aurora Borealis. The one, that it is of the nature of an electrical emanation; the other, that it is a portion of the zodiacal light collected over the polar regions. This luminous appearance in the Zodiac was

first remarked with a philosophical eye by CASSINI in 1683, and was supposed by him to consist of the extreme and rarest part of the solor atmosphere. This M. de MAIRAN, in his elaborate work intitled, "Traité Physique et Historique de l'Aurore Boreale," considers as the great source of that phænomenon. On the other hand, Dr. HALLEY, treating of the remarkable Aurora Borealis of 1716, says, "This sort of light seems to have a great affinity to that which the effluvia of electric bodies emit in the dark." Phil. Trans. Numb. 347. This hint has since been improved and supported with much ingenious speculation.

[7] *Such meteors, &c.*
What time first kindling from above
Beam'd Brunswic's star, &c.

This is meant of the memorable Aurora Borealis which appeared in the spring of 1716, just after the suppression of the rebellion which broke out on the Hanover accession. This was vulgarly supposed the first, but was certainly one of the most extraordinary instances of this phænomenon; which has recurred since that period more frequently than it is recorded to have done before.

[8] *The swans, that slept, &c.*

This circumstance of the alarm of the swans on the Thames was taken from an ode of Abbate CONTI, describing this very Aurora Borealis, which he was a spectator of in London.

Si veggono i sentieri
Del parco, é di Vaital [x] gli avanzi alteri;
Van scotendo attoniti le piume
I cigni che dormian nel cheto fiume.

Opere del Abbate CONTI, pag. 125.

Such wandering maz'd e'en Newton's eyes, &c.
.....her course
[9] *Still contumacious to his laws.*

Alluding to the irregularities of the Moon's motion, not easily reducible to calculation; on which account it has been styled by astronomers *Sidus Contumax.* Eloge de HALLEY par M. de MAIRAN. Histoire de l'Academie des Sciences, 1742. "Il avoit formé depuis longtemps le projet de rassembler une suite com-

[x] Whitehall.

plete d'observations sur les lieux de la Lune, pour les comparer avec ses calculs, et pour reduire enfin à quelque loi constante la course bizarre de cet astre, qu'il appelle aussi quelque part *Sidus Contumax.*"

[10] *How long to meet, yet strive to part,*
In yon Love-labour'd dance!

This alludes to the Newtonian doctrine concerning the centripetal and centrifugal forces of the heavenly bodies; or, in other words, their continual effort of tending to, and at the same time receding from each other: which primitive forces are so combined and counterpoised as to keep them all in their respective orbits. These forces, which are known to actuate the solar system, are here supposed to pervade the stellar universe.

Lucid dart. Lucida tela. LUCRET.

[11] *Thus tourneying on their native sands,*
Wheel the light Moors, &c.

This is a kind of tournament which is a favourite diversion among the Turks and Moors, from whom the

Spaniards adopted it. It is particularly described by the Chevalier d'ARVIEUX, Memoires, tom. ii. chap. 3. "Le Jeu de Cannes est fort usité chez les Turcs et les Maures, et c'est de ces derniers que les Espagnols l'ont appris. On pousse les chevaux a toutes jambes, on caracolle, et on tache de gagner la croupe du cheval de son adversaire, et pour lors on lui darde la canne, &c. Les Turcs, les Maures, et les Arabes sont fort adroits a cet exercice." There is likewise a description of this sport, accompanied with a good engraving, in the Voyage Pittoresque de la Grece. Planche centdixieme, page 170. It is there called Tournoi Turc, and was exhibited as an entertainment to the Comte de CHOISEUL by a Turkish Aga.

[12] *Those scintillations tell, Ye love.*

Io veggio in cielo scintillar le stelle
Oltre l'usato, é lampeggiar tremanti,
Come negli occhi de' cortesi amanti
Noi rimiriam talor vive facelle:
Aman forse lassuso!

Rime di TORQUATO TASSO,
vol. vi. Qu. Venezia 1736.

[13] *Rude magnets seek their restless pole.*

The Poles of Magnetism are perpetually varying.

[14] *To genial strife, with passion sped, &c.*
And shun, and choose, and blend.

M. de MAUPERTUIS, in a grave philosophical treatise, intitled "Systeme de la Nature," sect. 14. has the following passage, which may serve at least as an apology for the licence of poetry in ascribing intelligence and passion to the elements of matter: "Une attraction uniforme et aveugle repandue dans toutes les parties de la matiere ne sauroit servir a expliquer comment ces parties s'arrangent pour former le corps dont l'organisation est la plus simple...Il faut avoir recours a quelque principe d'intelligence, a quelque chose de semblable a ce que nous appellons desir, aversion, memoire.. Qu'on ne s'allarme pas, &c."

Oeuvres de MAUPERTUIS, vol. ii. p. 146.

[15] *Still fond Attraction's wooing strain,*
And coy Repulsion's nice disdain,
Their influence interchange.

"Where Attraction ceases, there a Repulsive virtue ought to succeed." NEWTON's Opticks, Query 31.

There is a fragment of the Philosophical Poetry of Empedocles, in which these great forces of Nature, and their perpetual interchange, or succession to each other, seem to be darkly signified, according to the ancient mode of treating such abstruse subjects, under the allegorical representation of Love or Concord, and Hatred or Discord, ever acting in mutual opposition, and prevailing alternately.

Αλλοτε μεν Φιλοτητι συνερχομεν' εις εν απαντα,
Αλλοτε δ' αυ διχ' εκαστα φορευμενα Νεικεος εχθει.

HENRICI STEPHANI Poesis Philosophica, p. 21.

This probably is the doctrine which Horace meant to characterise by the peculiar phrase of "Concordia Discors," in the line prefixed to this Poem; as the name of Empedocles occurs in the following verse.

[16] *Such charms all elements combine,*
Which but divide, &c.

The ceaseless operation of the great principles of Attraction and Repulsion in compounding and decompounding all material substances.

"Nature seems delighted with transmutations."

Opticks, Query 30.

[17] *Oh mark, when her connubial voice*
Assigns each dear peculiar choice
To finer parts, &c.

This stanza alludes more particularly to those subtile forces of Attraction and Repulsion which are supposed to actuate the elementary particles of matter; formerly styled Sympathies and Antipathies, and now of late Affinities, and elective Attractions. See Newton's Query 31, referred to above; in which these powerful affections of the *finer parts* are exemplified in many curious instances.

[18] *Thus old oraculous Poets sung,*
Yet fabling wild, &c. .....,
Next Wisdom claim'd the wondrous theme, &c.

The ancient mythological Poets, such as Orpheus is represented in the old Argonautic Poem, (see his song in Chiron's Cave, v. 419.) Hesiod, Empedocles, &c. who in the infancy of Philosophy involved their doctrines concerning natural causes, and the origin of

things, in allegory and fable: and the succession of Philosophers in later times, who have investigated the powers of Nature under the various heads of Astronomy, Microscopical Researches, Optics, Anatomy, and Chemistry, enumerated in the two following stanzas.

[19] ....*purg'd with euphrasy and rue.*

Paradise Lost, book xi. v. 414.

[20] *While by each handmaid Grace undrest,*
She yields her veil, and dædal vest, &c.

This image was taken from an allegorical picture of Rubens, representing Nature unveiled by the Graces.

Dædal, beautifully wrought and variegated; a word authorised by Spenser's use, and by him probably adopted from Lucretius.

The latter part of this stanza alludes to the well-known fiction in the 14th book of the Iliad.

[21] *From Saturn's torpent sphere*
To yon Mercurial spherule roll'd,
More voluble than burnish'd gold,
Swift through his flaming year.

Since this was written, the great Astronomical Genius of the present age, among other noble discoveries, has added a new Planet, far beyond the orbit of Saturn, to the Solar system. He may soon perhaps deprive Mercury of the distinctions, which he still preserves, of being the smallest of the Planets, the nearest to the Sun, and performing his revolution in the shortest period.

[22] *An Eagle sweeps the sounding sky,*
Prompt at my beck...the same
In whose stark pounce uplifted light
Old Chaucer's visionary sprite
Soar'd to the House of Fame.

See the description of the Eagle in Chaucer's Dream of the House of Fame.

" Me carrying in his clawis starke
As lightly as I had ben a larke,
How hye I cannot tellen you," &c. &c.

The whole passage is worth reading, as a fine specimen of Chaucer's descriptive talent.

Fortunate would it have been for the memory of the old Bard, and the gratification of his admirers, if the late excellent Editor of the Canterbury Tales had lived to employ his singular accuracy and learning in doing equal justice to all the other works of Chaucer.

[23] *The waxing or the waning horn*
Is all that Earth surveys...
How glorious then, by Hermes seen,
The full effulgence, &c.

The phases of Venus, observed through a telescope, generally exhibit the form of a crescent. Dr. HALLEY says (Phil. Trans. Numb. 349.) " The greatest brightness is when the Planet is about 40 degrees distant from the Sun, when little more than a quarter of her

visible disk is luminous, resembling the moon of about five days old; and though her diameter is at that time but 50 seconds, yet she shines with so strong a beam as to surpass the united light of all the fixt stars that appear with her, and casts a very strong shade on the horizontal plane whereon they all shine."....Mercury is the only Planet to which Venus can appear full-orbed; an appearance, according to the following passage from HUYGENS, of great splendour..." Nam cum adeo lucida nobis Venus appareat quo tempore tenuem nascentis lunæ faciem refert, oportet eam sextuplo aut amplius clariorem cerni, cum Soli opponitur, ex Mercurii globo pleno orbe spectatam, et minore quoque intervallo distantem: atque ita tunc non parum dispellere nocturnas tenebras gentibus istis lunæ auxilio carentibus." HUGENII Cosmotheoros, p. 94.

[24] *My Psyche, and young Pleasure play,*
No sister's envious wiles, &c.

See the fable of Cupid and Psyche in Apuleius. Spenser mentions Pleasure, the daughter of Cupid and Psyche, in his description of the garden of Adonis. Fairy Queen, b. iii. cant. 6.

"*How, through the lessening void compell'd*
By Love, &c. .....
Till each new globe's broad bosom round
My strong-link'd chains enormous wound
The huge protuberance bind.

The philosophical allusion in this stanza is to the Newtonian doctrine concerning the mutual gravitation of all the particles of matter, and the spherical figure of the earth and heavenly bodies resulting from this universal principle.

The former lines are an imitation from Virgil, ecl. vi.

"Namque canebat uti magnum per inane coacta," &c.

The latter from a passage of bold imagery in a Greek Sapphic Ode, intitled Εις την Ρωμην.

Σᾷ δ' ὑπο σδευγλᾳ κρατερῶν λεπαδνων
Στερνα γαιας και πολιᾶς θαλασσας
Σφιγγεται....

Brunck Analecta, vol. i. p. 59.

This ode is commonly attributed to Erinna, the compatriot and cotemporary of Sappho, and supposed to be addrest to the goddess Fortitude: but it is probably of much later composition, as it should seem, from the title and tenour of it, to be a panegyrical address to the Genius of Rome, in the height of her power.

[26] *But various orbs th' eternal chain,*
Here more relax'd, there drawn amain,
With varying force enfolds, &c.

Alluding to the Newtonian doctrine concerning the different densities of the several bodies which compose the Solar system.

[27] ..... *here lost and mute*
Soft plainings of the Æolian lute.

Here, that is, upon Earth....Nothing remains of Sappho but two short Odes, seemingly imperfect, and some inconsiderable fragments.

" ....Æoliis fidibus querentem
Sappho...." HORAT.

[18] ..... *harp and jocund crowd, &c.*
...Wythva's snow-bright head.

The Crowd, Crwth in Welch, the Crotta Britanna of Martial, is one of the ancient musical instruments of Wales, as well as the Harp. Wythva is the old British name of Snowdon.

In GREENWICH PARK.

Enough, my muse, of love's delightful pain,
And thrilling heartfelt anguish, hast thou sung,
At length indignant burst the servile chain
When better themes demand thy freeborn tongue.

Awake! awake! thou fond enervate lyre,
For Cupid quits his long-contested sway;
Quench'd is his languid torch with nobler fire,
As Venus fades before the lamp of day.

Reflection mild shall heal each latent ill,
And kind Oblivion pour her potent balm;
For when the voice of Reason cries 'Be still,'
The troubled breast subsides, and all is calm.

But wherefore yet beneath the moon's sole eye,
Ah! wherefore do I haunt this gloomy grove?
Tell me, my heart, what means that smother'd sigh,
Dost thou forget that thou must cease to love?

Had fortune smil'd, in this sequester'd scene
We oft had wander'd where these willows grow,
Which bend romantic o'er the margent green
To dip their verdure in the spring below;

Or climbing hand in hand the mountain's side,
Seen Thames all loaded with the parting fleet,
And great Augusta glitt'ring in her pride;
Then turn'd, and peaceful sought the lov'd retreat.

Oft in yon valley with the converse blest
Of sweetness, sense, and elegance refin'd,
Her mild advice had charm'd each grief to rest,
If e'er I could have griev'd, whilst she was kind.

Thus fancy, sadly pleas'd with thoughts so dear,
One moment sure may innocently stray;
Humanity may drop one venial tear,
Which Reason's steady hand shall wipe away.

But ah! what sable form in yonder shade
Intently pauses, fix'd in pensive woe?

'Tis she, Louisa,* ever worthy maid:
Alas! from me what comfort can she know?

I cannot sooth...then wherefore share her pain,
And idly hang the love-dejected head?
Or o'er affection's tender smile in vain
The ill-according tear of anguish shed?

Haste, ere she quite unmans thee, haste away,
Ere yet thy ling'ring feet refuse to move:
Tell me, my heart, what means this fond delay?
Dost thou forget that thou must cease to love?

June 1748.

* In mourning for the death of a very near relation.

ON SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S MONUMENT, AND OTHERS, IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

I PASS'D where Newton's awful form reclin'd
(Urania hovering o'er the holy place)
Receiv'd the general homage of mankind,
Due to the glory of the human race.[b]

Illusion mock'd me...for, diffus'd around,
A golden cloud conceal'd him from my sight...
Heaven-sent, perhaps, to shield him from the wound
Of hostile violence or envious spite.

Awe-struck mid these portentous scenes, I came
At length where Britain's bards are rang'd in state;
Some, a choice few, whose genius and whose fame
No time or tongue may hope to emulate.

[b] Conclusion of his Epitaph,

Sibi gratulentur mortales, tale tantumque extitisse,
HUMANI GENERIS DECUS.

Anxious I gaz'd...on Shakespear's gentle brow
A lambent gleam of fading splendour shin'd:
He droops...his finger marks a scroll below;
I dimly read...*Leave not a wreck behind.*[c]

But Milton's front, in tenfold terror drest,
Seem'd kindling...too severe to be beheld;[d]
Such, when his country's cause inflam'd his breast,
The pedant's venal slanders he repell'd.[e]

Here my steps faulter'd...on the sacred floor
Swooning I sunk, with faint abortive scream;
One sudden pang my lab'ring bosom tore,
I started...wak'd...and lo! it was a dream.[f]

Jan. 1801.

[c] Inscription from the Tempest on the scroll to which the statue points.

[d] Paradise Lost, b. vi. v. 825.

[e] Pro populo Anglicano defensio contra Salmasium.

[f] Και γαρ τ' οναρ εκ Διος εστιν.

CHAMPION

FRANCISCO COVENTRIO SUO S.

Qualis impastus faciles serenat
Servitor vultus, ubi tinnit hora
Septima, et campana monent adesse
Stridula cænam;

Tale perceptis socii tabellis
Gaudium sensi: tamen heu iniqua
Fata deploro, doleoque Francum
Vivere inertem.

Tune cui lusum puer et cachinnos
Debeo plures, lepidosque risus,
Tune jam dormis miser? I jocosa
Musa et amicum

Excita charum mihi; sin inerti
Membra lethargo stupeant, pigerque
Acriter stertat, jubeo patentem
Vellere nasum;

Velle bis terque, ac age, dic, caballum
Calcibus tundens, celer in recessus
Virgini sacros propera Mariæ,
Flospes amici.

Hæreat dirum crucis execrato
Nomini signum, stomachumque inanem
Sentiam, tristis dapibus frequenti
Exul ab aulâ;

Sistat et proctor male inominatâ
Voce me, rubris animosus hostis
Vestibus, viso velut horret alis
Milite Gallus:

Qui tribus verbis pueros morari
Doctus haud segnes, juvenumque cursus,

Vivit ex rapto, et malè feriatis
Abripit aurum.

Has et infelix patiatur omnes
Champion pænas, nisi te tuumque
Diligit nasum, luteæque Grantæ
Invidet urbi.

Tu tamen scribas mihi, seu propinqua
Incolas Henly loca, quà molarum
Saxa torquentur, Thamesisque fractâ
Æstuat undâ;

Seu per audaces nova syllogismos
Verba devolvis, Logicæque doctus
Artis enthymema rotas, gerisque
Garrula bella.

Dic, Etonensis quid agit senatus?
Quid caput, Burton, lepidum jocatur?
Clarus an vates operosa Bally
Carmina fingit?

Anne respondit tibi laureatus
Ille nugarum Archipoeta Cibber,
Ænei qui te magis occupavit
Frontis honores?

Quos ego novi pueros Etonæ,
Plurimam mitto sociis salutem,
Ossea et macri simul altitudo
Mittit amici.

P. S. Proximo lætis lepidus Macartney
Termino nobis aderit, paludis
Tipperarææ decus, et paterni
Gloria stagni.

AD AMICUM FRANCISCUM COVENTRY

INGENIUM VERE POETICUM AD STUDIA ORIGINUM FEUDALIUM ET ANTIQUITATIS TEUTONICÆ CONVERTENTEM, DEHORTATIO. 1748.

JAM tecum, Pelignum olim comitata poetam,
Musa Getas iterum flebilis exul adit.
Jam trepida et pallens, tela inter et horrida castra,
Discit Normanicé, Saxonicéque loqui.
Tuque ore insolito vavasores, feuda, tenuras,
Soccagium, hommagium, barbara verba crepas.
Verba! quibus semel auditis, aufugit Apollo,
Diffugere simul Gratia, suada, Venus.
Ultro crediderim tam tetrâ voce locutum
Attonita e tumulis Gothica spectra sequi;
Hengistumque, Horsamque, et opertâ casside torvam
Haroldi speciem, Neustriacumque ducem.

Terribiles formas! tibi quas cognoscere coram,
Cernere et Arctoas quum datur Eumenides;
Nonne fremes subitâ penitus formidine torpens,
Nec cithara e trepidâ decidet icta manu?
Nonne tuum, quicquid viguit molle atque facetum,
Tum fiet scopulo durius ingenium?
Ceu miseri Æthiopes quondam, Phineïa turba,
Gorgonis ad visum diriguere caput.
Nulla aderit Pallas, quæ te super Ægida amicam
Tendat, et hostiles arceat inde minas;
At Geticus Mavors, vinclo qui sævus aheno
Et regem, et proceres vinciat, et populum,[g]
Te leget insuetum bellis, onerabit et armis,
Atque gravi invalidas instruet ense manus.
Nil nisi bella loquêre...etiamque in pace duelli
Per ludum species pars feritatis erit.[h]
Excitumque gemes a relligione furorem
In mortale videns sæviùs ire genus;
Atque crucem gladio fungi vice cotis acuto,[i]
Proh scelus! et sanctas cæde rubere manus.

[g] Systema feudale. [h] Torneamenta. [i] Crusadæ.

Heu Christi malesuada fides!...crudelis Erinnys,
Atque avida ante alias sanguinis illa fuit.
Hoc tamen eventu felix insania sero,
Hinc quòd Torquati nobile surgit epos.
At tibi dicendum est, longùm vale Itala musa;
At tibi, musa vale Græca, Latina vale.
Forsan barbarico Scaldus fera carmina rythmo
Detonet, horrendum Teutonicumque melos...
Tu Maro tu vel Homere sile...dum cantor odini,
Iselandumve strepens grandior Edda sonet;
Concelebretque viros, septem quibus omne trioni
Subjectum, omne gelu cessit, et omnis hyems,
Quumque solæcismos, et tintinnabula vocum
Porrecto infelix audieris jugulo;
Molliter heu Graiâ frustra nutrite Camenâ,
Quid tibi tunc animi, quis tibi sensus erit!
Qui triplici patulas cerâ catus illinat aures,
Dulichium ut cupies tristis adesse virum
Hæc te, et mille alia, at quæ non depingere possim,
Te malè si perstes perdere, monstra manent...
Non te nequities scythicum tua pellit in orbem,
Nec redditum divi Cæsaris ira negat.

Quò ruis, o meliore puer dignissime fato,
Et cui barbaries parceret ipsa lubens!
Tune sacros linquis fontes? neque te juga Pindi
Nec poterit Phœbi te retinere chorus?
Nec peritura tenet crudeli funere musa,
Quam miseram immitis per loca dira trahis?
Dum reditus patet, ergo redi...sua torvus Apollo
A te jamdudum munera spreta dolet;
Forsitan exorandus adhuc...si contrahat arcum,
Haud ulla iratum flectere vota valent.

ODE.

O! SACRA Jano, quam celebrat recens
Annus natalem, mî celebratior,
Non laude gratâ, nec carebis
Candidiore Dies lapillo.

Tuque O, supremos gaudia si juvent
Humana Divos, huc geminos, Bifrons,
Huc flecte vultus, et beatis
Aspice Cælicolis homullum

Beatiorem. Jam vetus irritam
Precem, et querelas, et gemitus graves
Inclusit annus: seculumque
Splendidius renovatur auro,

Largum bonorum, queis Veneris novum
Ditet sodalem; cui, miseram diu
Hâc luce fortunam rependens,
Favit amor, facilisque nympha.

Hâc Laureatus prælia Cæsaris
Describat, *alto digna silentio,*
Ausoque non impar poeta
Facta canat, *placidosque mores:*

Me musa lætum dulcis amiculæ
Risus procaces, me jubet humida
Laudare me expertum labella,
Atque oculos liquidum micantes,

Cum dormientem virgo cupidinem
Lasciva luxu suscitet osculi
Hærentis, insuetas papillas
Et cupiens, metuensque tangi...

Demens! quid ultra sollicito lyram
Haud obsequentem, heu! *cætera* nec potis,
Jam vi voluptatis laborans,
Dicere, nec patiens tacere?

Calendis Januarii Anno Salutis 1744.

CHAMPION LYTTELTONI SUO S.

MAXIME o quondam pretiosum alumnæ
Munus Etonæ, quid, Amice, Jani
Quid tibi sacris deceat calendis
Chare precari?

Semper ut membris animoque nymphas
Integer laudes; ut et hunc in annum
Lætus et plures, meritoque vivas
Auctus honore.

Te mihi nostri memorem, sodalem
Te frui fas sit, studioque sacris
Dedito musis, et amore lentum
Fallere tempus.

Berwici, Aug. 1771.

MISERERE

EQUI ANGLI IN SCOTIA PEREGRINANTIS!

E Scotis reduci jam vise nitentior amnis,
Salve iterum, et sordes ablue Tweede meas.
Tu terræ Angliacæ quamvis borealior ora,
Munda tamen, propero pande benigna sinum.
Te, tua progenies, lætis hinnitibus auras
En quatiens patrias, ipse salutat equus.
Fas sit spurcitiem Scotorum odisse caballum
Angligenam, insuetum digna pudore pati.
Nobile namque, decensque, et amicum hoc mun-
ditiarum
Esse animal, testor te, geniumque tuum,
O Lemuel, qui solus equis regnata petisti
Arva, reperta novo cuncta lepore notans...

Ergo ubi, turpe genus, fœdi dominantur Yahooæ,
Exultans meritò littora linquit equus.
Quadrupedi illic cruda fames præsepia servans,
Perque vias salebræ, frigus, et imber adest.
Illic perpetuo graviter sonat ungula saxo,
Afflictum mollis nec levat herba pedem.
Quumque subit lacerum, nimboso vespere, tectum,
Nulla manus strigili curat amica cutem;
Non fragrans unquam solvit jejunia fænum,
Nec fesso faciunt stramina sicca torum;
Sed paleæ, mucosa fimoque simillima putri,
Portio, tum parca hæc, vix lapidemque tegens,
Sternitur...Ille exosus olens, spurcumque cubile,
Stat totâ insomnis nocte, doletque vicem.
Pro fæno, lolium, et, mistus fætentibus herbis,
Scoticus in cænam carduus ipse venit;
Os asini durum quem non impune lacessat,
Ultorem spinis, vulnificumque, suis.
Ipsæ, quod solum tellus producit, avenæ
Vanescunt, solidi vix levis umbra cibi...
Quales, dum dominus poma ipse fugacia captat,
Haud malè Tantaleum ludificentur equum.

Has igitur, quas Sol non maturavit iniquus,
Et carie infecit jam pluvialis hyems,
Naribus intactas afflat, spernitque superbis;
Tanto illi potior sordibus ipsa fames.
Inde, cavos oculos, horrentem in corpore pilum,
Exstantes costas, quas numerare licet;
Squalentemque jubæ, caudæque jacentis, honorem,
Atque pedum saxis cornua fracta vides...
Anglia, nobilium domitrix, et mater equorum,
Cerne hæc, et prolis jam miserere tuæ.
Tu latices puros, tu pabula læta ministra,
Tu substerne levi mollia prata pedi;
Atque huic munimen ferrum faber optimus aptet,
Sentiat et doctas ungula læsa manus.
Ut longùm vacuæ sit ventris cura, precamur;
Longùm neglectæ sit bona cura cutis;
Stramineoque toro, lenimen dulce laborum,
Compositos artus sopiat alta quies.
Usque tui celeris referant sic præmia palmæ,
Tardipedesque alii jure habeantur equi!
Sic tibi Gallorum, non æquo marte, cohortes
Ipso bellator pondere sternat eques!...

Annuin' his votis? an vanum fallit imago?...
Annuis...ecce cuti jam redit ipse nitor...
Et, bene ceu pasto, redeunt in corpore carnes...
Concrevit solidus pes...oculique vigent...
Quæque modò verrebat humum, jam verbere caudæ
Alterno impatiens urget utrumque latus.
Tum clarè, in Boream converso clune, pepedit...
Audiat hunc crepitum Scotia, et erubeat...
Ilicet ipse alacrem conscendo, hoc omine lætus,
Arripioque tuum, Patria dulcis, iter.

ON BOURNE'S POEMS.

ANTIQUO mihi das nova carmina tincta lepore,[k]
Queis insunt lacrymæ, gaudia, vota, sales.
Hæc quoties recolam, dulcique in munere verser,
Carole, qùi possim non meminisse tui?
Nam lepidi ingenii est, et cultæ mentis imago
Hic liber; et Charites pagina quæque sapit.

[k] Vincentii Bournei poemata.

THE END.

NOTE on the Lines entitled "By the Author in the Person of a Lady of whom he was enamoured." Page 21.

THESE lines were found in Mr. Champion's hand-writing, among those compositions which are undoubtedly his; and the Publisher did not then know that they appear, with several variations, in the fourth volume of Dodsley's Miscellanies, edit. 1782, and are there ascribed to Lord Hervey.

ERRATA.

Page 59, line 3, for δυς δακρυτα read δυσδακρυτα.

143, line 8, for Flospes read Hospes.

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